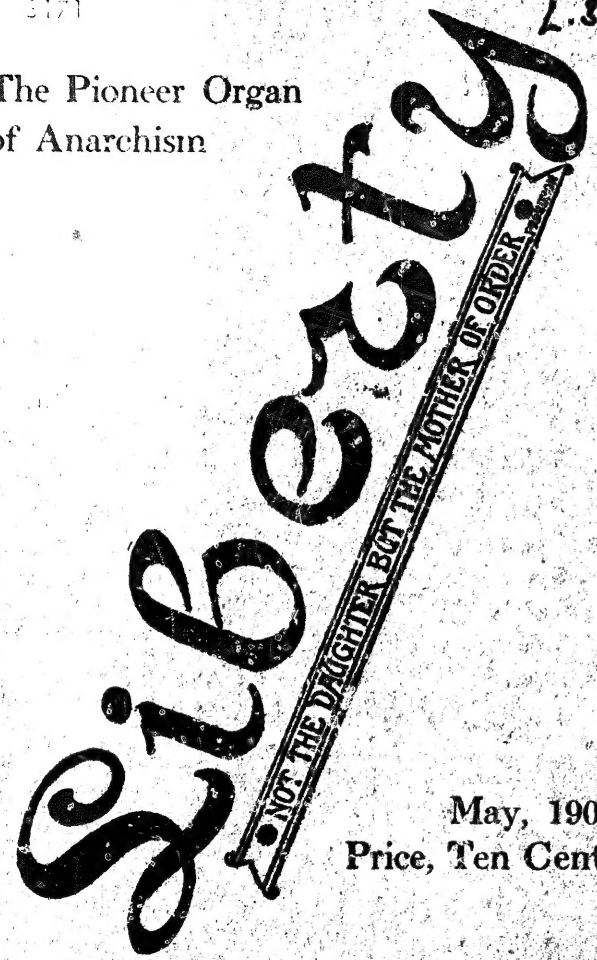
L.398

The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism



May, 1907
Price, Ten Cents

L.398

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY

LIBERTY

Published Bimonthly

Twelve Issues, $1.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents

BENJ. R. TUCKER, *Editor and Publisher*

Office of Publication:

925 FOURTH AVENUE, ROOM 18, NEW YORK

Post Office Address:

LIBERTY, POST OFFICE BOX 1312, NEW YORK

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes ... one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

LIBERTY

Vol. XVI No. 2 MAY, 1907 Whole Number 398

ON PICKET DUTY

The next issue of Liberty will be the August issue. The June issue, which will be omitted, is to be replaced by a September issue. The present issue consists of 96 pages, instead of the usual 64.

"The Ego and His Own" is a success from the start. To find a serious book (not fiction) that has attracted as much attention in the same length of time one must go back to Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." But it is too early yet to weigh the criticisms. When all of them are in, Liberty may have something to say. Meanwhile the sale goes steadily on, and is greatly stimulating the sale of the whole range of Anarchistic literature, as well as bringing new subscribers to Liberty. I may repeat, by way of advertisement, that the price of book in ordinary cloth, plain edges, is $1.50; in superior cloth, full gilt edges, $1.75. It is sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

On the sixth page of "The Ego and His Own" the translation of the fifth line is probably erroneous. Though the phrase, "I am nothing in the sense of

emptiness," is a correct translation from the first and second German editions, it exactly reverses the Reclam edition published years afterward. The editor of the Reclam version could have had no authority for the change, save that of common sense; but by that authority he seems to be sustained. Therefore purchasers of the English edition are requested to note that the sentence probably should read: "I am not nothing in the sense of emptiness."

The next year or two will bring us many diverse interpretations of Stirner. To begin with, we have a new one from Dr. Ruest, reported by Mrs. Schumm in this number of Liberty. He finds Stirner like Nietzsche in considering our ego not as a starting-point which we already know, but as a future toward which we are striving. That this is Nietzsche's position I do not deny. In fact, the "higher life" is Nietzsche's spook. Painful striving, rather than joyous living, is his ideal. But not Stirner's; far from it! How Ruest can say so in the face of Stirner's positive assertions to the contrary I cannot understand. That section of Stirner's book which is headed "My Self-Enjoyment" is a direct attack upon painful striving. Read the following quotations, taken almost at random:

> When one is anxious only to *live*, he easily, in this solicitude, forgets the *enjoyment* of life.
>
> Not till I am certain of myself, and no longer seeking for myself, am I really my property; I have myself, therefore I use and enjoy myself. On the other hand, I can never take comfort in myself so long as I think that I have still to find my true self.
>
> In the old I go toward myself, in the new I start from myself.

t translation from the first and
ns, it exactly reverses the Reclam
s afterward. The editor of the
have had no authority for the
mmon sense; but by that
be sustained. Therefore pur-
edition are requested to note
ably should read: "I am not
emptiness."

o will bring us many diverse
er. To begin with, we have a
st, reported by Mrs. Schumm in
. He finds Stirner like
g one ego not as a starting-
know, but as a future toward
That this is Nietzsche's
. In fact, the "higher life" is
inful striving, rather than
al. But not Stirner's: far
can say so in the face of
ions to the contrary I cannot
tion of Stirner's book which is
yment" is a direct attack upon
d the following quotations,
n:

y to *live*, he easily, in this solicitude,
e.
nyself, and no longer seeking for my-
ty; I have myself, therefore I use and
r hand, I can never take comfort in
hat I have still to find my true self.
yself, in the new I start from myself.

He who is still seeking for his life does not have it and can as little enjoy it.

I am a "true man" from the start. My first babble is the token of the life of a "true man," the struggles of my life are the outpourings of his force, my last breath is the last exhalation of the force of the "man." The true man does not lie in the future, an object of longing, but lies, existent and real, in the present.

There is a mighty difference whether I make myself the starting-point or the goal. As the latter I do not have myself, am consequently still alien to myself, am my *essence*, my "true essence," and this "true essence," alien to me, will mock me as a spook of a thousand different names.

We are, every moment, all that we can be: and we never need be more.

They say of God that he is perfect and has no calling to strive after perfection. That holds good of me alone.

Could words be clearer or more specific? In substance and in form they squarely contradict Ruest's interpretation. Shall we infer, then, that Stirner did not believe in development? By no means. But he distinguishes. "I do not develop man, or as man," he says, "but, as I, I develop—myself." That is to say, he develops, not in striving, but in living. Stirner knew that, just as the man who hoards gold to accumulate purchasing power gets no profit from it, so the man who hoards life to accumulate possibilities of life gets no growth from it. Nietzsche was a miser, Stirner a prodigal: that is the whole of it.

Acting upon the initiative of Mr. John Jacobs, of Cleveland, the Anarchistic expert in matters chronological, biographical, photographical, and statistical, an art firm of that city (C. F. Hunger & Co., 211 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio) has made an excel-

lent portrait of Proudhon, produced by
the work of F. T. Stuart, of Boston, the
who made the plate for the portrait fro
first Englis[illegible] of "What is Prope
are [illegible] firm in question at t
gus eighteenth size, or one dollar ea
[illegible] x 16½ inches. Mr. Jacob
[illegible] that it has been executed well.

[illegible]ers of Liberty in Great Britain a
[illegible] clippings from British newspap
zines relating to Stirner and his book.

Prof. E. R. A. Seligman declares tha
teachers who are demanding the same p
men teachers receive are shortsighted, i
will be employed in preference to wome
this demand is granted. I do not know
professor is right or not, but I do know
right, he convicts the State of employin
of economy, for the important work of
children, what it believes to be inferior
unwittingly, he puts a weapon in the ha
archism. Jew, we thank thee for those
I hope nobody will accuse me of Jew-ba
should have quoted Shakspere just as li
professor been a Yankee.)

Ruskin's opinions underwent many c
course of his long life, as a result of wh
oughly revised his earlier works. Late
copyrights have expired, and now there

se of Greek words by Jewish
to which our important texts
Now, there can be no doubt
and Greeks marriage did in
ceremony initiating the rela-
man civil law we need say noth-
sensibly allowed each subject
practices about marriage.)
med that among them the word
orrelatives were understood to
ed into by a ceremony; and
n assuming first that no special
ne was to be inferred from the
the New Testament connects
d that no inference was to be
rcuous silence of the New Testa-
people now want us to consider
al morality, then probably the
these words is to be understood
nary ceremony. In that case
meaning which is satisfied by
s known to the New Testament
other way by which the lang-

civil, but social and religious, and have been so ever since the first marriage recorded in the history of the children of Abraham; so far as a Hebrew marriage in New York to-day has a relation to the civil law of New York, this is by the decree of the Gentile State of New York, not by any law or will of Jewish society. Our present object, however, requires us to ask what was the minimum—what amount of ceremony it really took to make a marriage valid among the Jews; for the New Testament, so far as it starts from a Jewish basis, cannot be held to demand more for a valid marriage than they did. I find by Selden's "*Uxor Hebraica*," book 2, chapters 2 and 13, that, if a man and woman entered into a marriage by private agreement between themselves without the ordinary forms, but in the presence of two witnesses to make proof of the fact of the agreement, they were liable to punishment for disorderly conduct in using this clandestine method, *but the marriage was valid.*

As to the Greeks, I think we may find out pretty nearly their minimum of ceremony for a respectable marriage from Lucian's "*Toxaris*," chapter 25. The "*Toxaris*" is a collection of stories of men who have

So he took Menekrates into his house, a
saying that he had found a bridegroom,
feast for Menekrates and the friends of
after the meal and the due libations to
reached a bowl of wine to Menekrates,
ceive this health from his son-in-law, for
would marry the girl that day; he furth
clared that he had received twenty-five
large sum) as dowry, this being a polite
support Menekrates's social standing.
once made energetic protest that no such
be done, his friend should not thus thr
away; but Zenothemis carried the girl i
room in the midst of the protests, and p
out having consummated the marriage:
lived happily ever after, and soon had a
beautiful that its beauty moved the sena
the sentence against Menekrates. Of co
of this as an illustration of the Greek fo
riage does not depend on the historic tr
story. We see that Zenothemis took all
the wedding should be not merely valid,
spectable and appropriate to the best so

reprints of the original editions on the market. This has given rise to a lively controversy in England, it being claimed by many that a grave injustice to Ruskin is being done, and that the reprinting of works that have been repudiated by their author should be forbidden by law. Such portions of this controversy as I have seen fail to take into consideration a very important point. It seems to be generally assumed that an author's second thought is always the sound thought, and that his repudiation of his work establishes its unworthiness. Such an assumption of course is untenable. It is not uncommon for men in full possession of their mental vigor to change their opinions for the worse, and it is the rule that even the surest intellects weaken with advancing age. This being the case, it would be utter folly to forbid the reprinting of original editions, for such prohibition might deprive the world of many a great masterpiece. The ablest disciples of Spencer agree in preferring the original edition of "Social Statics" to the later edition approved by its author, and lament his omission of the chapter on "The Right to Ignore the State,"—one of the best things that he ever wrote. And a very valuable work that now figures in the Anarchistic propaganda has lately been on the edge of suppression by its editor, who has gone mad on the subject of Spiritualism and believes that he has had communications from the deceased author repudiating the work. Of course common decency requires a publisher who reprints a repudiated edition to state conspicuously in a preface the facts regarding the repudiation; but this is all that can be expected of him. It certainly can-

not be admitted for a moment that people must deprive themselves of the liberty to enjoy a creation, or to judge for themselves, simply because its creator has disowned it, perhaps through insanity, perhaps through senility, perhaps through hypocrisy and cowardice, perhaps through the liability to error from which no man is exempt. We are too much in the habit of taking the sobriety of the second thought for granted. The first thought too is entitled, not only to its "day in court," but to permanent representation before the tribunal of human reason. The proposal to deprive it thereof is the latest offspring of the abominable copyright monopoly.

From various sources information reaches me that an attack on me—to some extent a review of my career—is being prepared in the office of "Mother Earth" by Mr. Harry Kelly, author of the immortal argument (with a lie for a premise) that Tucker's Anarchism cannot be good for anything because he (Tucker) cares for it only as a matter for discussion over a sixty-cent dinner and a cigar. I understand that the occasion of the attack is a complaint that I criticise Communists on the strength of newspaper statements. If I find it necessary to cross this bridge, I will do so when I come to it. Meanwhile let me warn all and sundry against the danger of criticising anybody on the strength of statements made in "Mother Earth"; in justification of which warning I cite an occurrence of recent date. Some time ago Mr. Bolton Hall printed in "Life" the following fable on government:

Plato, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall; the first man who stumbled over it said nothing, but went his way. "There," said the Philosopher, "is a Conservative Citizen, the backbone of our institutions!"

The next one fell on his face, and railed upon the Tetrarch; but he also left the brick, and went on his way. "That is a Good Government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a Goo Goo Club!"

The third also broke his shins, and, having called upon Pluto, removed the brick from the path.

"That man," said Plato, "is a Reformer; he believes in doing 'Something Things.'" Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along, and, when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher.

"That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is an Anarchist; he is dangerous to the Government."

But he was not: he was only a Nihilist.

It is clear that by this fable Mr. Hall intended to *combat*, among other things, the doctrine that government can be destroyed by violent revolution. Therefore you would hardly expect "Mother Earth" to reprint it. But it did, in its April number, under Mr. Hall's name, but without credit to "Life,"—*with the final paragraph omitted*. This omission made it almost equally clear that Mr. Hall's intention was to *approve* the doctrine that government can be destroyed by violent revolution. In this mutilated condition of course the fable was admirably adapted for "Mother Earth's" purposes. I have seen a letter from Mr. Alexander Berkman, in which he admits that the omission was intentional, but pleads that it was made because he did not understand what Mr. Hall meant by the term "Nihilist." It is only fair to say that Mr. Hall—good-natured man—accepts this explanation, and sees in it, instead of contemptible knavery, a "charming *naïveté*." I think the *naïveté* is all with

Mr. Hall. Being myself an ill-natured man, I hold that "Mother Earth" was guilty of a *deliberate, wilful lie*. And, if it proposes to make newspaper misrepresentations the text of an attack upon me, I say to it: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

In the April number of Liberty I said:

> So far as I know, Voltairine de Cleyre is the only person, besides myself, who has publicly put upon Pentecost the brand he deserves. But, unless I have forgotten or overlooked something in the past, even she waited till he was dead.

As I could not possibly have heard or read all the unreported speeches made by Miss de Cleyre in the past fourteen years, it is obvious that the words "forgotten or overlooked" referred to her work as a writer. It is hardly a correction of my statement, then, to inform me, as she does in a recent letter, that she has frequently said in speeches the very thing that she lately said about Pentecost in "Mother Earth." However, I am glad to know the fact, and I give her the benefit of her statement.

John Most used to say—and I understand that most Communists agree with him—that on the night of the revolution the first number on the programme will be a massacre of the "Tuckerites." It seems a part of the irony of fate that Emma Goldman, being entertained recently at Cleveland by a young Socialist couple, was told by her host and hostess that, when Socialism becomes triumphant, "Anarchistic [Commu-

nisticj di Darbers of public welfare will have to be strung up." Alike authoritarian, State Socialism and Communism are "sisters under their skins."

Stripped of his temporal power, the pope refuses to leave the Vatican, and proclaims himself a prisoner. Stripped of its State support, the Catholic Church of France refuses to hold the Christmas midnight mass, and proclaims that it is hindered in the exercise of its worship. To this sort of thing Arthur Rane, editor of "*L'Aurore*," very properly gives the name "automartyrdom."

Tolstoi, whom the Single Taxers claim, has just written a book in which he advises everybody to refuse obedience to any order whatever from the government. For instance, he advises them to pay no tax at all, not even a *single* one. I wish the Single Taxers joy of their convert.

FROM AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

If thou wouldst happy be,—
And that is all there is in life to live for,—
So act that, when for thee
The world no longer is and thou wouldst give for
Just one more short day
All that thou hast to pay,
Thou then canst know that for thyself alone
Thou hast forever striven,
And yet for others, though to thee unknown,
Thy whole life has been given.

C. L. S.

MUSTAPHA THE WISE

Ali Mustapha Ben Ali was accounted as wise a man as any in Baghdad. He was such an artist among jewelers that his handiwork was sought for even from Damascus. He could tell the fineness of gold at a touch, and had an eye for emeralds, pearls, and turquoises as other men have for beautiful women. He was the syndic of the jewelers of Baghdad, and people called him Mustapha the Wise. The Wazir consulted him often about gems, and, finding his conversation in all things ornamented with thought, as lilies spread above a silent pond, he was glad to take coffee with him at his bazaar and listen to his words. One day the Wazir said to him: "Oh, Mustapha, you are still young, and men say that you are rich, yet you have not even one wife. Why are you thus selfish? The Prophet says, 'He who has not wives is of the Brotherhood of Satan.'" When the Wazir had ceased speaking, Mustapha, as was his wont, remained silent for a moment or two, and continued to cut into the soft gold with his carving tools; and then he said: "Oh, my friend and Master, may Allah keep all evil from thee! Shall I, who hope for houris to all eternity, imperil that joy by chaining myself to a woman, a daughter of Iblis, fickle, deceitful, jealous, a slave in body and a tyrant in temper? No, O Wazir, I shall not do this thing. Behold, here is my dog, Hamet, a companion who does not talk. He is faithful and unselfish. He returns caresses for blows. He asks nothing but a little food and the caresses of my hands. He submits to everything without complaint. He

carries no gossip, and he tells no lies. He guards my treasures, and will not waste them." "Bismillah!" replied the Wazir, "art thou wiser than the Prophet? Are all pearls equal in size and lustre, or do you judge all turquoises alike? All women are not fickle, deceitful, jealous!" "No," said Mustapha, "I judge not all pearls alike, but men judge the whole harvest by a handful of wheat and the yield of the rose-field by a single rose." "You shall be called Mustapha the Foolish," said the Wazir; "women are neither wheat nor roses." "Nor pearls," said Mustapha. "Do you say that all women are jealous, tempestuous, fickle, and selfish?" said the Wazir, growing angry (those who are used to power like not to be contradicted). "Do you know one woman who is not so?" said Mustapha, pausing in the chasing of a gold amulet-holder set with blocks of turquoise and pale rubies; "by the Beard of the Prophet, do you know one?" said he, looking strongly at the Wazir. The Wazir sat in silent thought for some time, and then he said: "By the Beard of the Prophet, no, but I will find one." "I will look at her when you find her," said Mustapha.

One day Mustapha received a command from the Wazir to visit his palace. When evening came, he performed the ablutions, and arrayed himself as became the syndic of the jewelers. His slippers were of orange-yellow morocco, his trousers of pale purple silk, and his sash was a green silk shawl of Samarkand—the green of the pomegranate leaves when they first come in the spring. His shirt was of fine linen, and his coat of velvet of the green of new grass, and stiff

with golden embroidery. His turban was white, and he also had a dark purple burnous, such as the Arabs of the Desert use.

He presented himself at the Palace, and was taken by a slave into a room in the centre of which tinkled a tiny fountain and around the walls of which ran a high divan. The slave, who knew him very well, waited upon him, and, bidding him lie down upon the divan, lighted the chibouk for him. Scarcely had Mustapha serenely exhaled three draughts when the Wazir entered. "O Mustapha the Wise!" said he, "be thou never again called the Wise. I have found for thee a woman who does not lie, and is not ill-tempered, nor jealous, nor deceitful, nor selfish. She is a mate for a son of the Prophet." "As Allah wills," murmured Mustapha.

The Wazir took a chibouk also, and began a recital of her beauty, wit, wisdom, her talents in playing on the lute and zither, and in dancing; her memory of the verses of the poets, and her own songs; her great patience, sweetness, humility, and with it all a chaste voluptuousness, like a snow mountain, hot with lava fires within. When the Wazir had ended, Mustapha continued to smoke for awhile, and then said: "May it please your Highness to deign to proceed." "By the roof which covers the tomb of the Prophet," said the Wazir, "what do you expect?" And for a time again there was silence, and then Mustapha said: "Your Highness—may Allah dispose his face favorably toward you!—must have had long experience with the lady to know her so well." "As I live," said the Wazir, "I have never seen her." "How is it

possible, then, O Highness, for you to speak so certainly of her virtues?" "By the good reports of her," said the Wazir. "They are not always reliable," sighed Mustapha. "When you detained the mothers of the faithful," said the Wazir, "it was for me to perceive that Mustapha the Wise was foolish, and I sent emissaries throughout the whole khalifate, seeking the woman who had wisdom and wit and patience and was not selfish or jealous, and the fame of this woman came to me, and I have caused her to be brought here." "Is there any one who can equal you?" said Mustapha: "Allah send gifts to you! Do neither you nor my mighty master—may Allah preserve him and keep all evils far from him!—desire to add such perfection to your own seraglios! Though perhaps," added he, "such treasures are common with you." The Wazir looked at Mustapha, and smoked. Mustapha smoked also. Then the Wazir said: "The Khalif—Allah send him blessings!—is of that age when he covets not love or women." "Is there such an age?" said Mustapha. "And," continued the Wazir, "shall I, who am the eyes and the hands of the Commander of the Faithful,—shall I set about to get a wife for any friend, and then rob him of her? May Gehenna dwell in my bowels! No!" "Allah will reward you for your self-denial," murmured Mustapha, and the Wazir looked at Mustapha. "But," the syndic of jewelers continued, "did not the Khalif's prosperity encompass him!—know of your emissaries?" "The Khalif—may he live forever!—knows all things," said the Wazir; "he covets her not. I have said it." "When shall I see this ruby,

perfect and without a flaw?" said Mustapha. The Wazir clapped his hands, and slaves entered, bearing trays of delicacies, among them confections of musk, which excite love. Then came dancing girls and singing girls, and, when they had gone and the slaves had removed the little ebony tables, inlaid with silver, a drapery parted silently, and a woman, between two great negro eunuchs, entered the room. She was clouded in mist from the looms of Mawsill, frosted with silver specks. It enfolded her as if it loved her. She was like an ivory column, between two great trees of ebony. At a motion from her, the eunuchs vanished behind curtains, and she made her salaam to the Wazir. "This, O Mustapha the Wise, is she of whom I spoke. The woman not jealous, nor fickle, nor lying, and of great wit and wisdom. Remember the commandment of the Prophet, and bethink thee, had thy father not taken unto himself a wife, what would be thy condition?" Saying which, the Wazir left the room.

Mustapha motioned her toward the divan, and she reclined upon it, after the manner of a sultana. Presently he said to her: "O pearl among women, what name did thy parents—Allah guard them here and hereafter!—deign to bestow upon thee?" "My parents—may the honor of their virtues abide with me!—called me Julnar"; her voice was low and tuneful, like the deep fluting of flutes, in a garden lit by the moon. "Julnar," said Mustapha, "the Wazir is a good friend to you." "O my lord," said she,—and her words were pleasant to the ear as the breeze in the acacia boughs,—"how can you certainly affirm this?

He has brought me to you, but neither of us can yet say whether this be the act of a friend." "Your lips drop wisdom, as the lily her fragrant dew," said Mustapha; "my meaning was to say that you have known the Wazir a long time." "And what does my lord call a long time? Time is short or long, as the heart makes it. Short to the condemned prisoner who awaits the sword with the dawn; long to the lover who hastens his camel across the Desert to his love. To-day I have seen for the first time his Highness the Wazir. Allah preserve him! He sent an escort for me, in the name of our Master, the Khalif, Commander of the Faithful and Lord of the World, whose word is law and whom all must obey. Allah bless him in all things! Behold, I am here."

"Sing to me," said Mustapha. She loosened her veil, and dropped her hand upon the zither, so that the instrument trembled into music, as if it were alive. She sang a song, made by Hafiz, of Shiraz:

Truth lies hidden in the ruby cup of wine,
And Love; that jewel perfect and divine;
And none shall drink this ruby but the wise.
The rose belongs to the bird of morning skies.
This world, or That, all wisdom I forego,
Save but to love thee and thy love to know.
No more I care for that fool word, "They say";
Even the mohtesibs, scornful, turn away
From the mob's backbiting. Let us bravely dare
To learn the subtlety of love, so rare.
Not from deep Thought or wrinkled Reason's flow
Canst thou Love's sweet and subtle lesson know.
Bring wine. We vaunt ourselves the prideful flowers
Of this world's garden—Quickly come the hours
When autumn winds shall whirl the blossoms past
And even Love shall lie cold in the blast.

These pearls of thought hath Hafiz made to grow
Because he doth thy love and passion know.

Also.

My heart is but a little thing,—
A little, little thing is my heart.
I have filled it with thoughts of thee
But it will not hold them.
I have filled it with the looks of thee
Till it is overflowing.
The words of thee are stored within it,
And it is full.
Ia it is but a small part of the love of thee,
But my heart is bursting with my love.
My heart it is too small a thing;
It cannot hold my love.

"Dance for me," said Mustapha. She danced the dance of the whirlwind in the desert. She danced the dance of the waterfall waving in the moonlight and the sunlight. She danced the dance of the cedars of the mountain, redolent of spice and swaying to the wind. She danced the dance of the fallen rose-petals at play upon the ground, whirling softly and breathing attar. She danced the dance of the doves, bowing and kissing. She danced the dance of the drunkard, he who is drunken with love and his eyelids heavy. Her body swayed with the weight of the love which oppressed her. She writhed like a serpent, with the torment of her love. She was graceful as the rushes which sway to the ripple of the river. "By the glory of the Seventh Heaven," said Mustapha, "come lie beside me. Remove your veil." "Not so. Only to him I shall choose for my husband," said she, in a voice murmurous as that of the brook. "I will load thee with Ja'feri gold, and give thee armlets of flawless

rubies," said Mustapha, but she answered: "Oh, Mustapha, recall to thyself thy wisdom. She who loosens the strings of her trousers to anything but love is a courtesan, though all the rites of the Apostle be performed. Love is like the silver face of the moon. Wouldst thou put dirt upon it?" "I do not know you," said Mustapha; "remove your veil." "Do you think you will know me because a veil is stripped from my face? You would not know me, Mustapha the Wise, if I were your wife." "I could see if you are beautiful," said Mustapha, "and that is much." "Is it much to a wise man?" said she: "what does it do? Does it talk, sing, dance. Is it wise or virtuous? Does it fade, or does it endure? Is it good? Hath it the virtues?" "No matter, said Mustapha; "it is sweet to hold beauty in our arms." "I am not beautiful," she said; "I have brought you the things I have of worth, and I find you wanting only a beautiful woman. I am not beautiful." "I do not believe you," said Mustapha. "That is because you wish to deceive yourself," said she; "do so, and I shall be beautiful. Even the sun is cold to him who will have it so." "All men crave beauty in woman," said Mustapha. "More than wisdom?" said she. "Yes." "More than virtue?" "Yes." "More than religion?" "Yes, more than anything," said Mustapha. She leaned toward him, so that the soft folds over her breast touched him and he felt her warmth. Her breath was like a summer zephyr dying in a field of roses of Damascus, where they distil the precious attar. "O Mustapha!" she whispered, "it is the inside of the pearl shell which is beautiful, and

still inside, in the very heart of the living fish, is the perfect pearl reserved for the chosen one. You choose the outside, O Mustapha the unwise! forgetting the true and glistening pearl. Ah women are beautiful in the dark, but not to all women is it given to love."

"By the tomb of the Prophet, I will take you to be my wife. Call in the Kazi and the witnesses. Name thy guardians, and let all be done as the Apostle has decreed. I will make a bridal feast." Mustapha clapped his hands, and the eunuchs came forward. "Softly, softly, O Mustapha!" said the woman; "you think, because you are willing, the matter is at an end. What you truly mean is that you would be glad now to go to bed with me. Love gallops not so fast with a woman. I do not love you, and she who gives herself for love—aye, though there be no rites said and she be alone in the Desert—she is pure; but she who gives herself for aught but love, though all rites be done as decreed, she is a courtesan"; and, making a deep salaam to Mustapha, she walked out of the room between the eunuchs, one carrying her zither.

"Bismillah!" said Mustapha; "she is an Ifrit. I was under a spell. She spoke truly; I was Mustapha the Fool."

"O Mustapha the Wise! what have you to say of the feast I have provided for you?" said a voice near him: and, behold, the Wazir stood beside him. "Have you not heard all?" said Mustapha. The Wazir smiled. "There is nothing to tell," said Mustapha; "I pray your Highness permit me to depart. I have work to do." "You are not permitted to depart," said the Wazir, "till you tell me your

thought of her. "I think," said Mustapha, "she is not a virgin." "By the sword of Azrael, Mustapha, do you not know that choosing virgins and melons is all one? You may do your best, but at the end you must shut your eyes and trust to Allah. The peach blossom is of a tender pink and very fragrant in the springtime, but is it better than the sweet and juicy peach, ripened in the heat of summer? We spoke not of virgins, but of the wise, faithful, patient, and unjealous woman. Is the perfect woman one without knowledge, and can you find a virgin who has ripened wisdom? Men come to you for jewelry because of your experience: experience is the mother of knowledge. Shall we value it in all other things and not in love? By my Father's soul, you talk foolishness. How know you she is not a virgin?" "She is too wise; she is too ripe," said Mustapha. "You grow more foolish in this matter," said the Wazir; "are wisdom and full-fruitedness to be despised?" "I think I do indeed grow foolish, your Highness,—may the shelter of Allah be upon you and yours! Suffer me to go." Making a deep salaam, Mustapha left the palace, and returned to his own house. The woman went with him. Not her very self, but in his thought. As he hammered and carved the gold, in his eating and drinking and in his lying down, she was with him. He was bitten of an adder. Had it been permitted, he would have carved the faces of beautiful women into all his work, but he carved and intertwined everywhere the letters meaning love. He muttered to himself continually: "I am a fool. There is a mystery here. Here is a net spread." But, while he muttered,

still he carved the word Love. He knew he would walk into the net. In heart he knew it. The thought of her flew through his mind even at his prayers and ablutions, as swallows flit through the twilight.

On the seventh day she came to him, attended by the two giant black eunuchs and a woman slave.

She held converse with him from the mid day till the muezzin's call for evening prayer. Her speech was as delightful as the warble of a mountain stream,—refreshing, lively, sparkling; dropping at times to a low pensiveness. She embroidered her talk with quotations from all the poets, and with her own poetic images. So every seventh day she came and remained and went, veiled. At her seventh coming Mustapha inhaled her conversation as he did the smell of cedar and myrrh in her garments and the smell of musk from her hair, which made him amorous, and he said to her: "O Julnar, I will say my permitted say. I will no longer be played with as serpents charm birds, or are themselves charmed with flutes; nor decoyed as gazelles are enticed by the hunter. You must give yourself to me, or you must go and never return again." "Mustapha," said Julnar, "I am ready for thee, but for only one thing. Thou hast demanded beauty, and placed it before all else. I know it is the jewel which men covet. I have it not. I am not beautiful, and because of this I am afraid." Her eyes broke through her veil, as the moon through silver clouds, and her head bent so close to his cheek that the spice of her breath ran into his blood like fire among the dry grass, in the wind. "I believe thee not, and I care not," said Mustapha; "I want thee."

"It shall be so," said she, "I am ready for thee."

"[illegible]," said Mustapha, "who are you, and who [illegible]? I would ask thee of them, as is commendable, and send them presents." "I have a house of [illegible]," she said; "I go to prepare myself for thee. I will send a slave to fetch thee this evening, and then I will tell thee all those things which thou ought to know."

Mustapha could create no more art that day. He busied himself, rather, about his raiment, and selected his richest clothing. When evening came and he had performed the ablutions, he clothed himself in undergarments of fine cotton, which had been laid among lemon leaves, and he dressed himself in orange-yellow silk; and, when he was done, he laid his jeweled-handled scimetar in his lap and waited for the coming of the slave. Presently she came, an old woman, bent with age and infirmities. She embraced his feet, and made a sign for him to follow. The streets were dark, and it was not long till they were out of the quarter with which Mustapha was familiar. The old slave crept on in silence. "Whither are you taking me?" said Mustapha. The crone put her finger upon her lips, and threw her arms out into the air to indicate that she was dumb. "A good guide for a wise man," said Mustapha: "the grave is also dumb." He stopped. The old woman stopped, and awaited his pleasure. "As Allah wills!" murmured he, and motioned to her to go on. "I am a fool," said Mustapha, aloud; "I am going I know not whither, to meet I know not whom"; and suddenly he said to the old woman: "Canst thou understand me if I speak?"

She made a sign with her head that she understood. "Behold this ring. It holds an emerald as large as a sparrow's egg. It is chased with the signet of Lord Solomon, and is a talisman against evil. I will give it to thee in pledge, if thou wilt truly answer my questions, and I will redeem it to-morrow with five hundred dinars." The old slave took the ring, and listened. "Tell me," said Mustapha, "is thy mistress of Heaven or Hell? Is she ghoul, Ifrit, or Peri?" The old woman stooped, and picked up a clod of earth from the foot of a garden wall near which they were standing, and held it toward him. "That is to say, she is of the earth!" questioned Mustapha, and his guide nodded. "Tell me, is she chaste, is she virtuous, is she beautiful?" The moon shone upon the garden wall, making it silver-white, and the old woman, again picking up a lump of earth, wrote upon the wall: "She is as chaste, virtuous, and beautiful as I." Mustapha struck his palms together with impatience. "By the gates of Gehenna," he said; and then, seeing that the old woman had nothing more to tell him, he muttered to himself, "Kismet," and signed her to lead on, saying: "Thou hast not well earned thy money; but bring the ring to me to-morrow, and I will redeem it from thee as I have said." After a time they came to an iron door in a high wall, and above the wall treetops rounded themselves against the sky: dark masses in the shadows and glistening silver in the light of the moon. The old woman gave a high, wild cry, like that of the falcon. Presently the gate was opened by one of the black eunuchs, with a naked sword in his hand, and they passed into a

garden full of moonlight and vague sweetness, as if the flowers were in commerce with the moon. Thence he was led into a courtyard, lighted by the moon and many lamps. Slaves hastened to take off his Morocco bootees, and gave him soft slippers. They took his mantle and his coat, and brought basins of rosewater and napkins, and then led him to the divan chamber, against the farther wall of which ran a high divan, with ivory legs and a front of ivory, inlaid with gold. It was cushioned with down mattresses and covered with velvet of Ispahan, which is like the skin of moles, and to the touch is like the inside of the thigh of a young girl. The cushions were covered with the heavy silk and satin of Cathay and of India, smelling of cedar and sandalwood. From the centre of the ceiling and around the four sides of the room were glass lamps from Teheran and Damascus, upon which, enameled in blue and red and gold, were the words of the poets and the exhortations from the Qu'ran. Each lamp burned softly as a star, and the oil within it was perfumed with the attar of roses, and each lamp was suspended by silver chains, wrought by the masters of Damascus, and the chains were broken at intervals with balls of painted glass, or of blue porcelain, more beautiful than turquoise. The floor was thick and silent with Chinese carpets, made from the wool of Thibet, and the carpets of Bokhara and Kulsharna, of Eighur and Samarkand, and the coffee tables and the stand for the sheesh were of ivory, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and the inside of the conch shell, which is pink, like the flush of dawn, and with gold. Upon the stand stood a sheesh solidly incrusted with

jewels, — emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and turquoises, — so that it was like the glory of the rainbow. The censers and rose-water bottles and plates were of wrought gold and silver from Venice, the city of infidels, and from Damascus and further India; and the walls were hung with the cloth of Khaimkhab, every hashimi of which was the ransom of a prince.

White-clad slaves ministered to him and brought coffee, upon trays of crystal which had been cut with designs of foliage and tulips and birds, in gold. The sheesh was lighted, and a mouthpiece given him, which was of itself, as he estimated, worth twenty thousand dinars. It was of clouded amber, exquisitely inlaid with gold threads, and all that part which was grasped by the hand, and more, was solid with rubies, among which sparkled diamonds of the purest water.

The chill of the night became suddenly an intoxicating warmth, because of the chips of sandal wood which were glowing in a great silver brazier, filling the room with a sensuous fragrance. The slaves sprinkled his cushions with rose-water from the golden bottles, and sprayed it into the air from the delicately carved and perforated censers. The voices of hidden singers were heard, low and soft, as unseen birds delight us from the deep foliage which hides them.

Suddenly Mustapha saw the old slave, his guide, crouching on the floor before him. How she had come there, he did not know. He signed to her to arise. Slowly she arose, until she stood before him majestic as a palm tree, and he heard her voice like the music of running water: "O Mustapha the wise! did'st thou

not know thy guide? Art thou a lover and can disguises deceive thee?" Mustapha flung aside the mouthpiece of the sheesh, and started erect, saying: "Was it thou?" "It was I," said she, holding out to Mustapha his own emerald ring. "By the mantle of the Prophet, I did not know thee," said Mustapha, taking the ring. Julnar smiled, and said: "Now I will tell you those things you ought to know, according to my promise. My father was a merchant of Shiraz, a Guebre. But in the course of trade he settled in Bassorah, where in time he embraced the faith and acquired wealth so that his name was a power." "Wealth is always power," murmured Mustapha the Wise. "His ships and his caravans searched every part of the world. His captains brought him slaves, and in his time his eyes were lighted with the vision of many beautiful women. But one day Muhamed, master of his caravans, brought to him a slave girl of seventeen years, who outshone all other women as the moon outshines the stars. Her stature was in beauty more excellent than a mountain made pink in the sunset. Her grace was that of a young willow tree by a clear river, and her sweetness, withal, was that of the doves which build their nests in the rocks. And she possessed the calmness of the stars which shed peace upon the heart of the watcher. A fire took possession of my father, such as only comes when fates are met and the eyes feed upon the poison of love. It was he who became the slave, and he took the slave girl for a wife. For, said he, when the Apostle in his wisdom allows us to take wives wherever we love, it is wicked to make concubines or courtesans of women. This

girl was my mother, and she became like my father's right hand, accompanying him upon all his journeys and voyages. When my mother was with my father on one of his ships in a voyage to Egypt, I was born, in the midst of a tempest, and they called me Julnar. After remaining a year in Egypt we set out upon our return, but were overpowered and captured by Corsairs, and, in spite of promises of great ransom, my mother was separated from my father, and, because of her great beauty, was taken by the chief of the Corsairs to his own vessel; but she, seeing my father borne away from her, threw herself into the sea and was drowned. My memory is of the desert, where the earth meets the sky and all is free. Where not even the habitations of men are chained, and the saying is 'Better is bread in freedom than to live well and bend the back in slavery'; I wandered with the Arabs of the Badawi until I was of the age of fourteen, not knowing whether I was slave or free, for in the tents of the people of the Badawi all are free, and I dwelt in the tents of the Shaykh. About this time there was a night attack upon our camp, and I was taken captive and transported to Bassorah, and there I was bought in the slave market by a dark man who intended me for his concubine. When night came, he came to me and gazed upon my face for a long time, not like a lover, but melancholy: and presently slave girls appeared, and he bade them undress me and prepare me a bath; but I resisted, and said I was of the free people and I would give my body only where I chose, whereupon he bade the slaves let me have my own way, and he departed. The next night he came again

and spoke with me and reasoned with me, and at last I consented to be made ready for him, and, when I was bathed and reclining upon my couch, he came in, and there was a lamp swinging over the couch, and he kissed me upon the breast and saw underneath my right breast a mark tattooed upon my body, and he questioned me about it, and I said I knew nothing, but he said: "I know. It is the mark I myself had placed upon thee as an infant, to recognize thee." And he questioned me upon my Life, and folded me in his arms, and called me daughter. He placed me in a palace near Shiraz, which was like the gardens of Paradise, and he surrounded me by teachers, as well as slaves; and I was taught not only the arts of embroidery and the making of perfumes and confections and the art of cooking, but also dancing and to play the lute and the zither, and, more than all, reading and writing and to know the poets. And there ever since has been my favorite dwelling-place. But, alas!—may his soul drink ever of the waters of Paradise!—my father called me to Bassorah and bade me haste, that he might utter the Shehadad in my ear and receive it from my lips; and so Allah willed it to be, for I had scarce put the seal of my affection upon his lips, saying "No God but Allah, Mohammed the Apostle of Allah," when his soul entered the abode of the blessed. After the time of weeping and mourning, I received from his stewards an accounting, and left such affairs as needed attention in their hands, and I returned to my home near Shiraz, where I busied myself with the things which were to be done there and with the study of the poets, and musing upon the

virtues of my father—may Allah enlarge his soul to the uttermost Heaven! Being at Bassorah, receiving the yearly accounting of my stewards, the command of the Wazir fell upon me, and I am here. I have neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor kith nor kin, nor any other. Thou must ask me of myself, and gifts are not necessary."

When Julnar ceased speaking, she clapped her hands thrice, and slaves entered, bringing dates, melons, figs, wild plums from the oasis, and peaches of great beauty and fragrance, almond cakes, candied lemon rind, conserves of rose-leaves, sweet paste scented with rose and bitter almonds and with musk, pistachio nuts well salted, and many other delicacies, and glass bottles of rich old wine, of which the poet said:

> O Wine, liquor ruby, too beautiful to be drunk;
> Too fragrant to be only looked upon;
> Too intoxicating and delicious not to be tasted,
> Giver of love-only thoughts; maker of laughter;
> Gateway to the skies,
> A scolding wife and a creditor, thou makest to vanish.
> Thou art the blood of the earth.
> Enter into my veins, O, thou blood of my mother!

Lutes, zithers, and flutes began to sigh softly, as Mustapha drank of the rich wine. "Remove thy veil," he said, and his voice was hoarse, for the passion within him had contracted his throat.

She clapped her hands again thrice. The music ceased, and the slaves retired, silent as Jinns. "O Mustapha the Wise!" said her voice, sweet as the wind among the acacia blossoms, "remember this is thy doing and thy bidding. I have not sought thee." Then she let fall her covering and her veil, and it was

as when a dragon-fly is born into the sun, with wings shimmering and glistening; so did she shimmer and [illegible] before him. It would be wrong to say that her face was beautiful, for beauty is the name for the [illegible] with born, but there is no word or tongue [illegible] to speak the wondrous beauty of her face. It was that of a peri. It shone with a light like the evening star alone in the sky over the desert. It was beyond all comparison. And she stood there slender, yet full, as a tulip in its first glory of the spring. Mustapha hung upon his elbow, breathless, and half afraid of the vision of his eyes, and she knelt beside him, saying: "O Mustapha! trust not to beauty: it is a poisonous asp." But, as she said it, he smelled the attar upon her and all the subtlety of her body, and a warmth went from her into him so that his veins were afire, and the divan received them into its softness, as it were the downy breast of a great bird.

When Mustapha awoke, it was morning, and he was alone in his own bed, in his own house. His dog Hamet was sleeping in a corner of the room. As he lay wondering and dazed, one of his slaves brought him hot milk to drink. He said to her: "Why are you veiled, doing service to your master? Are you a slave?" And she put aside her veil, and said: "Yea, that am I: a slave." And, behold, it was Julnar. And he looked at her questioningly, saying: "How came I here?" For he was astonished. And she said: "I brought thee unto thine own house. Think not of the past, for it is gone, and Allah cannot mend it." Then he thought unto himself: "I will try this woman. It was a vision. Shall I, who am called

Mustapha the Wise, take every man's gold for fine gold because he swears it? I will make trial of her." And he threw the hot milk in her face, saying: "Would'st thou poison me?" And he drove her away from him. Then he made a slave of her, and made her do the lowest services. She knelt at his feet, and removed his boots, and washed his feet, saying: "To those who love, all service to the beloved is happiness." He beat her, but she covered her face, saying: "Humility is the soil from which grows Virtue. The flax is beaten that it may become strong as iron and white as snow." He drank wine and feigned drunkenness and struck her and trampled upon her, but she said: "This is not my beloved, but another. He knows not what he does." He hid jewels and gold in her clothing, and then pulled them forth and called her thief, but she answered: "Thou knowest, O Mustapha! whether I be thief or not; and what if I be a thief? Who maketh the thief, and what maketh the honest man? The black kids in the flock are slain because they are black; yet neither the black kids, nor the white, choose their own color."

Mustapha went to the slave-market and brought home a beautiful girl, as his concubine. He declared her to be his concubine, and bade Julnar attend upon her, and the beauty of Julnar beside the concubine was as that of a precious vase of alabaster, filled with myrrh, beside an earthen jug; and Mustapha said to her: "I love this girl"; and she answered: "Am I the owner of thy love? Is it an armlet which I alone shall wear and call mine own? It came unto me, and shall it not go to another? Shall it be fixed forever?

And, if thou savest it shall be fixed forever, I smile at that, for who shall say that on the first day of Ramadan, which is to come, the wind shall certainly blow from the south? Love hath the eyes of a dove and the wings of a falcon and the living fires of the sun. Who shall put it in bondage forever and jealously say it is her own? Allah hath willed otherwise. As thou didst not give me thy love of thy will, so thou hast not taken it of thy will. Thou hast neither given nor taken, but only Allah. Blessed be the name of Allah! No God but Allah: Mohammed, the Apostle of Allah." And Mustapha said to her: "By the mantle of the Prophet, thou art the one woman not selfish or jealous, having truth and wisdom between thy lips. I have approved thee, and thou art mine." And he showed her his whole house and made her the mistress of it: only his secret depository for his gold and jewels and precious things he did not show her.

In the evening when he had come from the bath and was reclining upon the divan, Julnar clapped her hands, and slaves brought in a silver tankard of crystal water and a silver platter of bread and a glass bottle from Syria, in which was a white tulip; and, standing before him, she said: "Blessed be Allah! May Allah enlighten thee! The time of enlightenment is in this life. Death is a great blot. Allah increase thy reward sevenfold!" She took up her lute and sang:

> Water is from the skies, bread is from the earth.
> He who would be free must fetter his desires
> And be content with bread and water.

She was more beautiful than a lily, and more fra-

grant: and Mustapha said: "Come, lie beside me": but she seated herself a little way off, and said: "Let us meditate awhile," and she sang:

> He is a fool who speaks too much,
> And he is not wise who speaks not at all.
> Let there be meditation, and then, speech,
> For speech is the handmaiden of thought,
> And thought makes the universe to tremble.

"Your lips sparkle with wisdom, as the sea with foam," said Mustapha, "but, by Zulfiqar, we waste time. I am hungry for thee. The night is going." But she answered: "A night may be as a lifetime, and a lifetime as a night. Dost thou remember the story of the two camel-drivers who entered into the garden of the Padishah and fell asleep, and one dreamed that he was set upon a throne, covered with rich raiment and attended by slaves and houris, and his master knelt before him, begging, and he threw out his arm and repulsed him. But every day, so he dreamed, he was filled with wine and savory meats, and one year lost itself in another, as he lived in princely splendor, until, at the end of fifty years of pleasure, behold, he awoke, and his water-bottle, which he had overturned in the gesture with which he repulsed his master in his dream, was still emptying itself, and the lifetime which he had dreamed was but a moment, and he left the garden, for the dawn was coming. But the servants of the Padishah, coming into the garden, found the other camel-driver asleep, and he was thrown into prison, where he lay forgotten all his life. On the coming in of a new dynasty the prisons were emptied, and the camel-driver was taken

in the night time and set down in a garden, as he slept; and, when he awoke, he looked about him, and he said: 'Behold, I have dreamed that I was in prison.'"

And Mustapha said: "Love is not satisfied with dreams. The hunger of Love must be fed with what can be touched. Come to me." But she sang to him the song beginning:

> Love is a fire, and they who love are willing to burn therein.
> Learn Love from the moth. It will burn, yet return, unto the lamp.

And suddenly Mustapha was overpowered and fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was bright day, and a ... he was alone, save that his dog Hamet slept in a corner of the room. He called for Julnar, but she did not come. His domestic slaves came, but they knew nothing of her. He arose, forgetting his prayers and the Wuzu ablutions, and ran into the street and sought for her house; but he could not find it, and he returned to his own house, and in his workroom he found all of his jewels and gold and precious things, and with them was the vase of Syrian glass, with the white tulip, and a parchment, upon which was written: "The jeweler knoweth all jewels, yet knoweth not the jewel." Mustapha went to the Wazir, and besought him to make proclamation and send messengers, but the Wazir said: "O Mustapha! go fetch me the wave which has just broken on the shore. Women are the daughters of Iblis. Return to thy labor." And afterward Mustapha walked the streets, searching con-

tinually; and they called him Mustapha the Foolish.

Allah be gracious! Allah send Wisdom! Allah bless us with prosperity!

FRANCIS DE BOSQUE.

WHEN IS A WEDDING NOT A WEDDING?

It is well known that the Roman Catholic church does not acknowledge any divorce. Therefore, if I remember the circumstances right, it caused some public comment several years ago when a priest of that church married a couple of prominent persons, one of whom was notoriously quite fresh from the divorce court. Somebody, in an unofficial way, gave the explanation that this person's previous marriage had been performed by a Protestant minister, and therefore, not having the seal of the true church, was in the eyes of Rome no marriage at all: therefore the church could not recognize the previous alleged marriage as a bar to the present marriage ceremony or to anything else, the parties being in its eyes unmarried people even before they went into the divorce court. Then (as my memory has it) a Congregational paper, the "Independent," made the remark that it could hardly believe this alleged explanation to be the truth: that, if this was the truth, it was in the highest degree disgraceful to the Roman Catholic church.

Such being the case, I hope the "Independent" shares the repugnance that I feel, as a Congregationalist, at finding that we Congregationalists are now in the same business. The facts appear in a letter from a missionary of the American Board in Mexico, in the

L.398

"Missionary Herald" for December, as follows:

By the way, I have been asked by a number of Indian parents to baptize their children, and by couples to marry them, as they consider it good to have the two rites performed by the priest, and as they are taught by the priest that the civil marriage is invalid before God, the latter, however, being the only one recognized by the law. Of course, I cannot comply with their request as they desire it, since their idea of baptism is that it is done to so many to differentiate him from an animal and that otherwise the child remains a sort of incomplete human being, and I cannot satisfy their mind nor my conscience in marrying them because their civil act would not be recognized as legal by the laws of the country. Thus without further instruction, or at least without a true understanding on their part as to what baptism is,—that is to say, without faith in Jesus Christ,—their children have to remain *bastards* and their couples live together unmarried. They are generally, however, faithful to each other.

The fact that the Roman church is opposed to the laws of the government is shown by the following incident, which presented no small difficulty to me. A man recently moved here who has attended evangelical services in other places for the last twelve years. To all appearances he is a thoroughly converted man, living by faith in Jesus Christ; he was married by the Roman church, but not by civil law, which, according to the laws of the country, renders his marriage illegal. He wanted to be received as a member; but, though he is a thorough believer and has not lived with his family for the last twelve years, we of course cannot receive him into our fellowship under the present circumstances. "Why don't you get married by the civil law?" I asked him. "I have been wanting to for the last twelve years. But the woman! She insists that she will not get married that way, because the priests declare civil marriage invalid!" We could receive him only on his Christian confession and promise to separate himself entirely from his family. But he is the father of his children all the same, and therefore we are bound to destroy his family relations if he wants to associate himself with us, simply because his wife, by the instruction of her spiritual teachers, is too hard-headed to conform to the laws of the country. He has now gone to formally say good-by to his family. He assures me that his wife will put no obstacle in his way.

A hard case, certainly. To get your bearings be-

L.398

fore we start into discussion, know that, although the American Board explicitly forbids any of its missionaries anywhere to take part in anything political, the Mexican Mission has settled into a policy of supporting and encouraging the Mexican government in its anti-clerical policy— naturally enough, since the Roman church is the principal opponent the Mexican Mission has to contend against. I suppose supporting the party in power, and encouraging it to use forcible means of repression against the party out of power, is not counted as politics, though, if the like were done for the party out of power, both the Board and the missionaries would be able to see that it was political. As to the case of this man and his wife, I am informed that it was by her, not by him, that marital relations were broken off twelve years ago. Whether she was angry at his intimating that she was not already his lawful wife, and that their children were bastards, or whether she was angry at his change of religion, or whether she was tired of him anyhow and took this excuse for a rupture, or whether the priest told her to break with him, I am not informed. It may be, indeed, that the husband made the performance of a civil marriage ceremony a condition precedent to further cohabitation, and that she simply refused to assent to a ceremony which assumed that she had not been properly his wife all these years while she had been living with him (precisely as a good many Christians are unwilling to join a Baptist church not because they regard the Baptist form of baptism as having anything wrong, but because they are not willing to submit to a rebaptism which assumes their previous

L.398

baptism to have been invalid); in this case my information that the initiative was hers would be erroneous.

But we cannot spend much time on conjectures: we want to find out what principle is being followed by this missionary. It is commonly acknowledged that to break up families is a great evil, and this is particularly contrary to the teachings of the Christian church. But here we have a Christian minister telling a man that the only way to qualify himself for membership in the church is to renounce his family, since his wife is not willing to have a ceremony performed. If this is Christian duty, surely Christians are not under grace, but under the law.

The Bible seems to say clearly enough that the family should be kept together. "I hate putting away, saith Jehovah" (Mal. 2. 16). "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. 10. 6). "Let the husband render unto the wife her due: and likewise also the wife unto the husband. . . . Defraud (more literally, 'deprive') ye not one the other, except it be by consent for a season, that ye may give yourselves unto prayer, and may be together again. . . . I give charge, yea not I, but the Lord, That the wife depart not from her husband . . . and that the husband leave not his wife" (1 Cor. 7. 3-11). And not only is the sense of these texts clear and obvious, but it is traditionally recognized. Only, they say, all this is about married people, and one is not married unless a proper ceremony has been performed: consequently, the separation which prophet and Christ and apostle unite in denouncing is wrong only in the case where the ceremony is found, but otherwise it is

L.398

quite lawful and even a duty: for, strongly as we defend marriage, just so strongly do we and the Bible denounce fornication—and it is all fornication where there is no ceremony, so one must by all means cut loose from it. And finally, adds our missionary, the ceremony must be conformable to the civil law and recognized by that law.

These are very weighty propositions, which ought to be proved out of the Bible if they are to command the assent of a good Protestant. And, mostly, they are not in the Bible.

The Bible does certainly recognize a distinction between marriage and fornication. Only—let us be cautious at the start—it is not so certain that it recognizes a distinction as to the duties arising out of these relations: one might well maintain that both relations establish the same duties, subject to the rule that the law does not command things physically impossible. For Jesus presents the law of marriage as a necessary consequence of the fundamental "the two shall become one flesh"; because they are made one flesh, says he, let no man put them asunder. But Paul (1 Cor. 6. 16) declares explicitly that this "the two shall become one flesh" applies equally to fornication, even to the case of a prostitute, and that it is a just basis for far-reaching inferences in the one case as well as in the other. Putting these two texts together, the natural inference would seem to be that, when voluntary sexual intercourse has taken place between any two persons, it becomes their duty to regard themselves as husband and wife, and to be faithful thenceforth to all the requirements of that relationship; only, since the

L.398

Bible does not recognize polyandry, if a woman has had intercourse with different men, the most she can do is to choose one of them (the first?) and stick to him. The Bible might reasonably be understood to teach such a law; it would be in many cases a hard law, but also in many cases a useful law, if only in making young people less careless. In that case it would of course be unchristian for a man to break off a *de facto* relation of this kind when once entered into, more especially if he broke it off in the name of religion.

But let us grant (though I do not know quite on what ground we are to grant it) that a relation of marriage cannot scripturally arise out of an act of fornication,—that there is no marriage unless it be started as marriage. Then it is clear, by a moderate observation of the world or by a consideration of our Mexican instance, that, in order to make any practical application of this, we must find out what sort of start is essential to the constitution of a valid marriage.

In the first place, the Bible nowhere mentions the marriage ceremony as such. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, who is no fool, has apparently found that, when she wants to make the Bible teach the needfulness of a ceremony, she has to take the text "let not man put asunder," and argue that, if there were no ceremony to give public notice of the relationship, men would put the parties asunder in their minds—thatis, would think of them as asunder, would not think of them as united. Setting aside the fancifulness of this reasoning, it is obvious that at this rate a secret ceremony could constitute no true marriage (and this inference

L.398

is pretty much drawn in Mrs. Whitney's book too), while any sort of irregular agreement between the parties would be sufficient if duly advertised: so this could not be a foundation for the current notions about the ceremony anyhow. But I cannot offer Mrs. Whitney a better text for her purpose; and the natural inference seems to be that the validity of a marriage does not scripturally depend on the form in which it is contracted, but on the will of the parties: that any agreement to be mates and stand by each other as such, regardless of its form or its relation to Church or State, is marriage in the eye of God. This is no new interpretation—many men have judged that the Bible meant this; and this view is confirmed by the tendency of all true religion, and of all the most valued parts of the Bible, to hold that forms and ceremonies are in no case the essential thing. It need not follow that a church cannot require its members to use a standard ceremony if they marry. The church may well hold that good order requires this amount of regularity, and that a man who enters into marital relations in an irregular way must receive the church's severest penalties; but it cannot, in Christian consistency, make these penalties include the command to sever the connection that Christ declared to be inseparable.

Yet this interpretation may be wrong—it is somewhat easier to see a possible reason for abandoning this position than for abandoning the one first discussed: for it may well be said, since the texts in question use or imply such words as "marriage" and "wife," that the meaning of these words becomes part

L·398

of the texts, and that this meaning includes what ceremony is understood to be essential to marriage. Let us for the second time, then, allow that the apparent sense of the Bible is not to be accepted where it runs counter to current belief, and let us see where an examination on this basis will lead us. And here must be not only the radical's last stand, but the conservative's last assault. If the Bible does not teach the necessity of the ceremony by reason of the fact that the presupposition of a ceremony is part of the meaning of the words "marriage," "husband," "wife," which the Bible uses, then there remains no possible way in which the Bible can be made out to teach the necessity of the ceremony at all.

The meaning of the words must be ascertained either from the way they were used by those among whom the Bible was written, or by something in the form or etymology of the words themselves. Of the latter sort there is nothing that can possibly be regarded as having a bearing in the present case, except the fact that the Greek in Matt. 19. 5 is literally (as in French) "stick to his woman"; which might indicate that this applied to any woman who became in a distinctive and characteristic sense "his." So far as this goes, it favors the view that ceremony is not essential; but it is a weak argument at best. The true test is the use of the words by the people of those times and countries.

The New Testament was written partly among the Jews, partly among the Greeks; if we have to recognize among the original readers any third nation, such as the Romans or Galatians, their inclusion cannot be

L·398

thought to affect the use of Greek words by Jewish writers in those books to which our important texts on the subject belong. Now, there can be no doubt that among both Jews and Greeks marriage did in ordinary life involve a ceremony initiating the relationship. (Of the Roman civil law we need say nothing except that it very sensibly allowed each subject nation to retain its own practices about marriage.) Hence it is to be presumed that among them the word "marriage" and its correlatives were understood to signify a relation entered into by a ceremony; and that, if we were right in assuming first that no special New Testament doctrine was to be inferred from the arguments with which the New Testament connects this matter, and second that no inference was to be drawn from the conspicuous silence of the New Testament on a point which people now want us to consider so fundamental to sexual morality, then probably the New Testament use of these words is to be understood as implying a preliminary ceremony. In that case the words must have a meaning which is satisfied by such a ceremony as was known to the New Testament writers; for there is no other way by which the language of the New Testament can be made out to imply one particular sort of ceremony rather than another. (It may be, to be sure, that we are to understand it merely as speaking of "a ceremony" in general, without prescribing that the ceremony must be of a specific nature; in which case it will contradict the contentions of our missionary as plainly as possible.)

I suppose it to be universally known and conceded that the Hebrew marriage ceremonies, as such, are not

civil, but social and religious, and have been so ever since the first marriage recorded in the history of the children of Abraham; so far as a Hebrew marriage in New York to-day has a relation to the civil law of New York, this is by the decree of the Gentile State of New York, not by any law or will of Jewish society. Our present object, however, requires us to ask what was the minimum — what amount of ceremony it really took to make a marriage valid among the Jews; for the New Testament, so far as it starts from a Jewish basis, cannot be held to demand more for a valid marriage than they did. I find by Selden's "*Uxor Hebraica*," book 2, chapters 2 and 13, that, if a man and woman entered into a marriage by private agreement between themselves without the ordinary forms, but in the presence of two witnesses to make proof of the fact of the agreement, they were liable to punishment for disorderly conduct in using this clandestine method, *but the marriage was valid.*

As to the Greeks, I think we may find out pretty nearly their minimum of ceremony for a respectable marriage from Lucian's "*Toxaris*," chapter 25. The "*Toxaris*" is a collection of stories of men who have done remarkable things for friendship's sake; and this chapter tells of one Zenothemis whose friend Menekrates had been mulcted of his whole property for a political crime. Now, Menekrates had a daughter, disfigured by an accident, so ugly that he could not have hoped to get her a good husband even by dowering her with all his former wealth. Hence he was in despair; but Zenothemis promised to provide for his necessities and find the girl a husband of good family.

So he took Menekrates into his house, and presently, saying that he had found a bridegroom, he made a feast for Menekrates and the friends of both. Then, after the meal and the due libations to the gods, he reached a bowl of wine to Menekrates, bidding him receive this health from his son-in-law, for he himself would marry the girl that day; he furthermore declared that he had received twenty-five talents (a very large sum) as dowry, this being a polite fiction to support Menekrates's social standing. Menekrates at once made energetic protest that no such thing should be done; his friend should not thus throw himself away; but Zenothemis carried the girl into the next room in the midst of the protests, and presently came out having consummated the marriage; and they lived happily ever after, and soon had a child so beautiful that its beauty moved the senate to abrogate the sentence against Menekrates. Of course the value of this as an illustration of the Greek form of marriage does not depend on the historic truth of the story. We see that Zenothemis took all pains that the wedding should be not merely valid, but highly respectable and appropriate to the best society; yet his ceremony contains nothing of the civil, and little or nothing of the religious, but is a purely social ceremony.

It remains to be noted that, if two were married in heathenism, and one became a Christian, the marriage remained binding on him unless the heathen party deserted him (1 Cor. 7. 12 ff.). This, by the way, sufficiently negatives the baseless notion that the bond of matrimony is due to a sanctification which the relation

of man and woman receives from the ceremony; for the author of the first chapter of Romans could never have recognized a sanctifying power in a ceremony whose only sanction was that of the heathen religion.

The sum is this, then: if we interpret the Bible solely from itself, appealing only to the indications of its own context to explain anything that raises a doubt, we must conclude that according to Scripture a ceremony is not essential to the validity of marriage; but, if we interpret it by going outside the Bible for indication of the thoughts which its words are likely to have suggested to the writers, we find some reason to believe that they conceived marriage as involving a religious or social — not civil — ceremony, in accordance with whatever was usual in the community where it took place.

The doctrine of the Christian church from the start was that marriage was a matter for the Church rather than for the State. But, when the Reformation came, and the Catholic church was a mighty and terrible enemy which the Protestants were fighting with every weapon they could get hold of, they set up the notion that marriage was a matter for the civil power, and in this and other such ways they flattered the civil power in order to get it on their side. Now they are getting their pay, like the horse that got man's help against the deer in the fable: the State finds that it has to make laws for the holy and the unholy alike, and that it cannot, and ought not to, enforce such regulations as the Church prescribes; so it makes divorce laws that are not in harmony with the teachings of the Church; and the Protestant church, which has taught

that marriage belonged to the sphere of the State, sees its members — nay, even its professors of theology — allowing to themselves that which the State treats as allowable, contrary to the Scriptural and churchly doctrine of marriage. (The same thing has taken place in the same way, I may add, in the matter of the Sabbath.) Yet, while rejecting the doctrine that marriage between Christians requires a religious sanction, they reject the doctrine that the marriage ceremony sanctifies an otherwise unholy relation: a strange divorce of propositions that logic hath joined together.

I am not arguing that the ceremony is not a good thing. If a church rules that a member who tries to dispense with the civil marriage ceremony shall be excommunicated because, by setting an example of irregularity, he has opened the door to scandal, I have no word of protest. But here we have a *de facto* marriage already made, and a man commanding in the name of the church that it must be broken up because, while the ceremony was right according to the laws of one community (the Catholic church), it was not such as the laws of another community (the Mexican republic) pay any attention to. If any man says this is a righteous command, let him bring on his reasons; and, if he claims to represent the Protestant churches, let his reasons be founded in Scripture. Here we have Scripture, and general Christian tradition, and natural human feeling, all agreeing against the doctrine that the church is expected to stand for; and against these it is not sufficient, not even relevant, to say "Thus our fathers have taught us since the days of Martin Luther" or "Thus we infer from the implications of

the political philosophy which we accept." Does our missionary not know that these are the characteristic arguments of his enemies the Catholics? "Full well do ye make void the commandment of God by your tradition." "I hate putting away, saith Jehovah."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON STIRNER

Another proof that John Henry Mackay's painstaking labors in behalf of Max Stirner's name and genius are bearing abundant fruit is Dr. Anselm Ruest's book, (Berlin and Leipzig: Hermann Seemann Nachfolger—Second Edition), "*Max Stirner, Leben—Weltanschauung—Vermaechtniss.*" This generous volume of 335 pages is an exhaustive, brilliant, and philosophical study of Stirner. Perhaps it is even too exhaustive; perhaps Dr. Ruest has succumbed to the temptations of profound scholarship to probe too subtly into the antecedents of Stirner's ideas, and to elaborate his own hypotheses too lavishly. However that may be, we can forgive Dr. Ruest his superfluous display of erudition for the thoroughly sympathetic, yet unbiased, treatment of his subject.

We know through Mackay how meagre are the data of Stirner's life. They hardly suffice for an adequate picture of his personality. To fill up the biographical gaps, Dr. Ruest, using Mackay's data as a basis and treating Stirner's writings as *documents humains*, has recourse to hypothesis. Without adding any traits to Stirner's personality other than those

already implied in Mackay's biography, he gives color and warmth to the picture and shows us both Johann Caspar Schmidt and Max Stirner, *der Einzige*, in a new light by emphasizing the dominant trait of his character, namely, his passivity. Only once in his life did this passivity apparently give way, says Dr. Ruest, during a period of intense activity, when Stirner wrote his remarkable book, "*Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum.*"

> The quiescent, dreamy, life-flowing element in Stirner rested heavily, oppressively on this nature, first as a blind, dark, uncomprehended impulse, then as a torment, a yearning, until it worked its way up out of the depths of the unconscious to consciousness. And, when it had become conscious and betrayed its vitality, suffering pursued him stroke upon stroke, and the sufferer writes, expresses the essence of his being, turns the nature of his nature over and over, and writes page upon page, leaf upon leaf; they become a book which creates the appearance of treating of nations and States and powerful men, and in reality it is the spectacle of *one* man who, in the last stages of despair, rescues himself from sinking into fathomless nothing. . . . . Already the flood is advancing, threatening to engulf him as if he had never been: then the petrified body begins to live, speech breaks the heavy trance, and now he can protect himself at least, throw up a barricade, not through activity, but through self-assertion, heavy, ponderous self-assertion.

If, as Prof. James has it, "the philosophy of a man is largely a matter of temperament," it is hard to understand how the life of this solitary, lonely, passive man, who shrinks from actual contact with the world and shuts himself up in his shell the more completely the louder facts of the world call for activity and struggle, is other than a flat contradiction of his philosophy. It is only when we consider that the real independence of the ego, its *Eigenheit*, is rather a

spiritual than an external fact that we understand that an egoist is not necessarily, and that Stirner was not, an aggressive individual. Dr. Ruest suggests that Stirner's philosophy is somewhat of the nature of a subjective vision when he goes on to say that Stirner belongs to one of the obscurest, most incomprehensible types of history, and that, although he would certainly cross himself to hear his name mentioned in the same breath with Jacob Boehme and Swedenborg, those truly "possessed" ones, there are bridges, if one but dares to think it.

In part second of his book, Stirner's "*Weltauschauung*," Dr. Ruest traces the evolution of Stirner's ideas by hearkening back to all the influences that may possibly have been at work on the pupil at the gymnasium, the student at the university, and the man Stirner. He finds that the path leads from Romanticism through Fichte, Hegel, Schleiermacher, in all of which the idea of the ego passes through various metamorphoses until it culminates in Stirner's "*Einzige*." But even Stirner, our author claims, is still caught in the meshes of the magic net of modern philosophy, and his *Einzige* as the *super-true* is but the subjectivity of Berkeley, the ego of Fichte carried to its complete practical conclusions. It is Stirner's courage and honesty in drawing these conclusions that have brought the hue and cry of immorality down upon his head; but, while Stirner can justly be charged with indefiniteness and obscurity in the use of terms in this connection, it is precisely through this courage and honesty that he has rendered the greatest service to mankind.

If the ordinary admirer of Stirner, not so deeply versed in all the philosophies as the author, has again felt a shadow of impatience creep over him at the profundity of his learning and the length of his argument, he will once more forgive him for the admirable final estimate of Stirner's real greatness. "For Stirner—egoistically as we criticise him—was an apostle of truthfulness, a sworn enemy of the lie (!) and hypocrisy. He has left behind him the moral spleen, the moral dogmatism which causes man to appoint himself the judge of man and to become thus truly unloving, and has thus at least removed moral narrowness from human thought for all time. He has again taught man to love the earth. . . . Enough for a long time."

In part third, "Stirner and Half a Century," in reviewing the intellectual tendencies of the last half of the nineteenth century in their relation to Stirner's philosophy, down to Nietzsche, Dr. Ruest points out how Stirner for a long time has stood entirely alone, and has been almost half a century in advance of his time in his flaming conviction of the necessity of a recreation and revaluation of morality. One of the most interesting features of the book is the comparison between Stirner and Nietzsche, which no doubt will contribute somewhat to a better understanding of both writers. The much mooted question whether Nietzsche knew Stirner's book is here answered in the affirmative. That Nietzsche, although a sympathetic reader of Stirner, never made mention of him is attributed to the probability that Nietzsche saw danger lurking in Stirner's unscrupulous treatment of his subject (is not

that a charge that can justly be brought against Nietzsche himself?), and that it would have complicated his own problem besides interfering with the only true influence of Stirner for all times.

The greatest difference between the two seems to Dr. Ruest to lie in the fact that Nietzsche is through and through an artist and Stirner through and through a philosopher, and the practical possibilities and ethical value of both he finds in the fact that they have given us a new aim,—*i. e.*, to consider our ego not as a starting-point which we already know, but as a future toward which we are striving. "If one accepts his ego as a fixed unchangeable reality; if one is not, so to speak, still on the road to himself; does not, as an ego, still strive with himself, in order even to create his ego anew,—then one never, in the fullest sense, becomes the owner, the sovereign of this ego."

When Dr. Ruest states, in his closing remarks, that it would be futile to claim Stirner, as has been done, for the Anarchistic movement, because he would undoubtedly have refuted it, as he did the liberal and revolutionary tendencies of his time, and because he would have scented with finest instinct the dependence, the limitation, the secret innate standstill, even in the so-called most progressive phenomena, he seems to lack discrimination. We doubt whether Stirner, like his interpreter, would have mistaken the aim of Anarchy as being "absolute liberty."

After Dr. Ruest's voluminous and learned treatise it is a relief to take up the modest little volume on Stirner by Max Messer, published in the "*Die Literatur*" edition of Georg Brandes (Bard Marquardt &

Co., Berlin). Here we have simple, heartfelt admiration and clear headed appreciation of Stirner, which, on account of its brevity and popular treatment, may well serve as an introduction to "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*" itself. Impressed with the prevailing commercial and industrial spirit of our time, Messer asks, is it still necessary in this age of actual coarse egoism to call attention to the philosopher and prophet of egoism? Would it not rather—in order to preserve the balance of power and enable the newly-discovered egoism to deepen and ennoble itself in a wholesome struggle of opposing forces—be desirable and salutary to emphasize the intellectual, impersonal, mystical, yes, even the religious tendencies? The answer is that there are a considerable number among us whose intellectuality is so delicate, whose spiritual mobility and sensitiveness is so great, and whose capacity for suffering and sympathy is so accentuated, that they actually do not live in the real world, but in a mist of imagined superhumanity. Their complicated ego reaches with a thousand tentacles into the lives of others, till they forget that they are themselves the creator and centre of their lives, and think that their creatures, the emanations of their tender, sensitive souls, are the real and the actual. Such idealists must at last come into terrible conflict with reality, and to such Stirner is the real liberator. They think that *their* world is *the* world. He teaches them that their ideal world is not the only, universally-existing world, but a free-born, self-created one, to which they are entitled and which they may defend, not because it is the world of *all*, but because it is their *own* world.

L.398

Mediocre men who have never suffered from mental disharmonies will never understand Stirner, and will condemn his theory of egoism as immoral.

Stirner can never be understood by being taken literally. His "*Einzige*" bears the head of Janus. The *Einzige* who must live in our present social and intellectual order is a very different being from the one who lives in a "society of egoists" (*Einzigen*). In his book he chiefly describes the *Einzige* of the first order, and we must remember, if we would understand his exaggerations, his irony and malice, that he lived in 1840, not in 1900. Nothing human will be foreign or uninteresting to the egoist of the future. It will be a part of his enjoyment of the world to be loving, self-forgetful, and magnanimous.

Stirner hates the State; in its place he would have a "society of egoists." He contented himself with the discovery of the healthy principle, and has not elaborated any plan for such a society; but our author is satisfied (notice the difference here between Messer and Dr. Ruest) that the conception of philosophical, individualistic Anarchism, as whose exponent he names B. Tucker, editor of Liberty, is entirely in accord with Stirner's principle.

Now that "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*" has appeared in English, it is to be regretted that Max Messer's "Stirner" is not likewise Englished, for this little volume is preeminently adapted to whet the appetite for a reading of Stirner's book itself.

E. H. S.

L.398

THE SPIRIT OF LABOR

Hutchins Hapgood, in his recent book with the foregoing title (Duffield & Company, New York), has attempted something rather out of the ordinary in serious literature, and has come perilously near overstepping the border-line of good taste, if he has not actually done so. This latter point is properly to be decided, perhaps, only by those whom it personally concerns, and so far no complaint has come to my ears. The author's original idea, as he tells us in his preface, was to get the autobiography of some typical workingman; and for this purpose he went to Chicago, as he felt that that city more accurately represented the labor movement in all its phases than any other city in the United States. But he found no satisfactory individual who was willing to take the trouble to give him his life-story in such a way that he could use it wholly in that person's own words. Therefore he was obliged to write a biography, using the material which his subject supplied, quoting the latter's own words where it was possible, this individual being a woodworker prominent in labor-union circles. Many other people figure incidentally in the narrative, and they are undoubtedly real people, for I recognize many of them by their given names, which in most cases the author uses, giving the surnames or full names of only such as are more prominent in the public eye, *e. g.*, Clarence Darrow, Kropotkine, Tucker, Isaacs, Emma Goldman, John Turner,—for be it known that he soon drifted into more radical circles than those of mere trade-unionism.

Some very intimate pen-pictures are given of some of the Anarchists, Communists, and Socialists of Chicago.

so intimate, I am free to confess, that I should have resented a like service performed for me.

I am bound to admit that the book has interested me very much, but chiefly because of my acquaintance with many of the personages. It is to be observed that Mr. Hapgood has not been literally libelous, although his frank and facile pen has set down some truths about certain ones that those who know them better have hesitated to express. But there is one individual, designated only by initial, whose description is so accurate and characterization so just that for many of us the initial even was superfluous. This person is known as the Anarchist poet, and his poetry is admittedly good,—much of it, at any rate,—and the readers of Liberty are not unfamiliar with it. His true character, which Mr. Hapgood was not long in discovering, was early made manifest to the editor of Liberty, who promptly labeled him an "ass," and dropped him. This latter appellation is about the only one which Mr. Hapgood has neglected to apply to him. I am sure that the references to the poet will be read in not a few quarters with undisguised satisfaction.

On the whole, the author has been just,—one might say sympathetic. He undoubtedly is a governmentalist, though not perhaps a very rigid one, and I am sure that he is now much less of one than he was when he began to gather material for this book. In the first chapter he admits that the most intellectual of workingmen are radical, and he has noted that "the civiliz-

ing influence that 'radical' ideas have upon the entirely uneducated laborer is marked."

On page 133 we find Anton (the chief character in the book) developing. "His growing experience in the actual affairs of organizations had made him distrust government. . . . This tended to give him that balanced, psychological attitude that is . . . usually intelligent, and which he associates practically with philosophical Anarchism. He saw that politics was too likely to determine the actions of the leaders, and folly that of the rank and file."

When in the full flush of his newly-adopted ideas, Anton went to work in a non-union factory, replacing a man who had had a young man as a helper for seven years without teaching him the trade. Anton taught him all he could, and this is given as an instance of the superiority of Unionism (for it must be borne in mind that Anton is an enthusiastic union man and looks upon Anarchism as too idealistic, and the whole book is really a trade-union preachment). It has not seemed to occur either to Anton or to his biographer that one of the cardinal tenets of the trade union is to limit the number of apprentices to a trade and absolutely to shut the rest of the world out of it. It is true that Anton does not possess that spirit, but to that extent he is not a loyal or typical trade-unionist.

Doubtless a great many radical people will be surprised to learn that Louis F. Post, the editor of the "Public," "is also one of the most 'radical' men in the country"! He is described as "the strongest *feuilletonist* [*sic*], logically the ablest editorial writer

in America," and this because, in a speech denouncing a Chicago judge's injunctions against labor, "he appealed to the workingmen to go to the ballot, to rid themselves of such utter injustice"! I am well aware of Mr. Post's fearless and able work in the cause of freedom, but I do not think that the sentence last quoted is a very sure foundation for his fame.

Possibly it is true that Chicago is the city wherein the labor movement is most representative in this country, although one cannot help regretting that New York, Philadelphia, and perhaps other cities are not represented in the book; but perhaps some who live in those cities are grateful that they escaped. Speaking of Terry, one of the Anarchists he frequently met in Chicago, the author says that, in his development, he became "a student of poetry and literature, and this instinct and love for the beautiful in expression limits to a certain extent his Anarchism." One cannot forbear to ask how and why.

The book pretends to deal practically with facts, but there are a number of inaccuracies in it, of which it is worth while to mention only a couple of the most glaring. On page 286 reference is made to "the bodies of the eight Anarchists who had been hanged," although it is safe to say that not one of the known radicals whom he mentions would have made such a blunder. This slip, which is made by Anton, who was impressed by the sight of the bodies, goes a long way toward indicating that the principal character in the book may, after all, be a fictitious one. The other important error is the statement, on page 355, that the Chicago Anarchists were executed in 1886.

It is not likely that this book will be of much direct value to the labor movement, but its tendency, for the most part, will be to give the ordinary reader a more accurate knowledge of the Chicago radicals, and of the inner workings of trade-unionism in that city, than he will be able to obtain from any other source. Outside of a possible injury to the reputations of some of the people most clearly named, "The Spirit of Labor" is at least innocuous—unless it should lead some less scrupulous and less gifted writer to extend this field of investigation. C. L. S.

MY COMMUNITY

"And thou shalt prosper and be well thought of in thy community." Nay, nay, my friend, say I. The community is the sole dispenser of all individual prosperity. It determines what it wants; and it determines the pieces of gold it will pay to him who is willing to supply it. What the community needs most, it seldom wants. Its real leaders are always ages in front of it, and it follows them at a snail's pace; for they are most unlike it. Its greatest leaders it most despised. It rewards those most who least differ from it. Its moral and intellectual panderers and procurers it rewards with wealth, power, and homage: its moral and intellectual leaders and teachers it rewards with hemlock, Golgotha, and the stake. The prosperous must needs be like unto it. To be well thought of by it is to be one of it.

From this rabble I select *my own* community. The mass is not *my* community. What is this community

but a conglomeration of persons most of whom, regarded singly, we believe to be either fools or hypocrites? A fool multiplied a million times is not the less a fool. I will not have fools in *my* community. The respect of *my* community for me is not due to nor does it depend on, my prosperity. By implication, he who respects me for my prosperity is not of *my* community. The community is an ass! Away with *the* community! All hail to *my* community!

MORRIS HALPERN.

When Roosevelt, answering the labor men's complaint of his gross breach of conduct in publicly branding Moyer and Haywood as "undesirable citizens" when their trial for murder was pending, declared that the labor men, in placing on their letterhead the words "Death cannot, will not, and shall not claim our brothers," were themselves engaged, and more indisputably, in an effort to prevent a fair trial, he undoubtedly scored. But this does not alter the fact that it is abominable for the president of the United States to reflect in any way on the character of a citizen who is under indictment; and, when he is charged with such a thing, he is guilty of another breach of official deportment in saying "*Tu quoque*." Yet the "Evening Post," in commenting on Roosevelt's rejoinder to the labor men, "You are guilty of the offence with which you charge me, and in a greater degree" (the words in quotation marks are not a literal quotation), says that the answer is adequate and even fine.

Thoughts compelled from out the hi[dden]
Precipitably are the best
But the thought that comes and wide
Is the one that hits the target.
Bobbie Burns

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

The pope's letter of instruction to the French bishops, written in the best of Latin, holds a thought which, transmitted to America in the best of English by the newspaper correspondent, makes us aware that the law separating Church and Graft in France is "anarchial." Taking that curious old fakir in Rome at his word, the situation is all right. Once on a time, in the capital of France, as I gather from historical novels, the cardinal and the king jockeyed for the best hold on the reins of government, while barons held their sway in agricultural districts. Afterwards the people jerked the lines away from all of them, and there was a revolution, a commune, a Church-and-State republic, and now, the pope would have us believe, "Anarchy." This diagram being correct, and "Anarchy" having actually happened, we see that demoralization in the French nation has run parallel with the course it takes in the individual, when the downward path has been entered upon. "If once a man indulges himself in murder," observes De Quincey, "very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination." It is the last step that counts.

We have felt the excitement the news was calculated to create that an Anarchist had left this country with

the aim of assassinating King Victor Emmanuel. Now that the satisfaction has been given us of thinking and saying how many kinds of a fool a king-killer is, let us not murmur or repine if the story turns out as usual, and nothing more befalls than that some "dago" banana circulator from Paterson, N. J., has gone back to Naples to live on his accumulations and wear earrings the rest of his days. The "Anarchist" who will permanently diminish the number of kings bombwise has not left these shores, nor yet hopped from the place that every individual springs from. Not Anarchists, but Anarchy—meaning liberty—will do the business for rulers. This patient and persistent exterminator, not so particularly of kings as of what they have stood for, started after them long since. Its action upon them is not sudden or violent. It is a pervader, not an invader. It permeates a realm, slipping by the officer in plain clothes waiting at the dock to make an important arrest, and leaves its mark by writing ciphers on the left-hand side of the figure of the reigning monarch until he does not amount to a cent. That is the way the king gets his. Liberty does not hand him a bomb. It does not blow him out, as Reuben does the gas; but turns him off, instead.

That those who use the word "progress" understand what it signifies is never to be taken for granted. The New Jersey town I live in puts a premium on the thing it thinks is progress. In the local newspapers, and especially in the real estate advertisements, inducements are offered progressive humanity to make Montclair its home and to invest in houses and lots. And yet, when I think of what happened to our most advanced citizen, I know that somewhere there has been carelessness in either the definition or the interpretation of terms. For, although the said citizen showed himself to be progressive as he understood it, and as I understand it, this community that encourages progress didn't do a thing to him. His name is Fenslaff. He owns property, and is by occupation a contractor. One of his contracts was matrimony. He signed this one some years ago, before the dictum of Mrs. Parsons that the trials of the married are to be staved off by trial marriage. Not at that time had George Moore hinted at ten-year contracts; but the fatal hour must have come when our fellow-citizen fell under the influence of the Moore and Parsons idea, helped along by Professor Thomas's work on "Sex and Society," which says that where monogamic unions prevail the persons grow so familiar in consciousness that "the emotional reaction becomes qualified." The wand of progress touched him, the word of the sociologists became flesh, and he fell for it. Married as he had been for a considerable period, the emotional reaction had become qualified, and he reacted upon other stimulation of the sort the sociologist calls exogamous. Professor Thomas had explained Mr. Fenslaff to himself. He met the situation like a prudent as well as a progressive man. He settled up with the wife of the past before he settled down with the new woman. It was no case of abandonment, for there was a paper signed that put the wife in possession of a house, a good income, and her liberty. When all this had been at-

L.398

tended to, the good man ordered both local papers delivered at his new residence, so that he might read the encomiums which must be rushed into print as soon as his advanced position became known. He expected to be called "our most progressive fellow-townsman." That was his vision. It was what he had a right to look for from a community whose watchword was Progress. What he actually got first was a call to court, where they held him under bonds to appear and be tried for deserting his wife. In addition, he had the hose of disapprobation turned on him by men whom he had done business with to their profit, while good women went out of their way to pass his house and be awed by the thought of what was going on inside. Conscious of his high aims and of obedience to the promptings of that spirit of advancement without which we should become a nation of mossbacks, Mr. Fenstaff sat tight, and prepared his vindication before the bar of social evolution. In advance he enjoyed the confusion of his enemies when he should chuck their own countersign at them, and inquire with some scorn what they conceived the significance of progress to be. I regret to record that he never got any further than his comfortable meditations, for, before the time came for him to speak his piece, some reactionary blew off the corner of his house with dynamite.

The miscarriage of Mr. Fenstaff's plan for doing credit to the town of Montclair by hitching his wagon to the *Zeitgeist* is the mate to a misadventure described by Conway in his "Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East." Conway tells how, after an address

L.398

by Mr. John Redmond, M. P., in Sydney, New South Wales, the chairman, before dismissing the audience, inquired whether any gentleman would like to question the speaker. An Orangeman arose. He was invited to come forward, which he did, and made his inquiries so pointedly that a fighting Home Ruler, who had been sitting on the platform steps, jumped into the arena of debate, and handed him an awful one on his offending jaw. The searcher for light fell, and did not arise. He appeared to be dead, and they bore him to a back room, followed by a doctor who had volunteered his services. In front a tumultuous scene ensued, the crowd getting on its feet, some howling "Fair play," and others "Served him right." The shouting stopped when the chairman came forward, and the house advanced its ear to learn whether the smitten party had survived the blow. Instead of reporting on that, the presiding officer said: "Does another gentleman wish to ask a question?"

Montclair still invites the progressive to its midst. Does any other gentleman wish to accept its hospitality?

Whether the plays of Shakspere ought to be presented as they are written, or in an expurgated form, is a question upon which there subsists a difference of opinion between Mr. Ben Greet, theatrical performer, and Mr. William Winter, dramatic critic. Mr. Greet maintains that the plays as they stand on the printed page are most educational, and therefore to be preferred. Mr. Winter objects that their language is too copious in some places and indecent in others, and

licence to be cut out in the interests of conciseness on the one hand and of good morals on the other.

With charity to all and with malice toward none, I have to side with Mr. Greet. Not that I would stand up for the superfluous or the immoral in words, but for Shakspere in his integrity, to the end that he may become better known. I have never stopped wondering, having seen a few of them acted—how it happens that the plays of Shakspere should have drawn paying houses three hundred years ago, when to-day they would be the next thing to a frost if some reputation for culture were not to be gained by sitting through one of them and then telling your neighbors you have done so. It seems most unlikely to me that in the year 1607 poetry and philosophy, such as Shakspere slung off when he grasped the pen, were held in higher esteem than now, and brought better prices. Nevertheless we know that by reason of some quality the plays then possessed they had a pull that they have since lost. I hazard the disreputable opinion that it was the very quality which has caused them to be expurgated, and furthermore that their restoration to the class of plays that yield profits, and prominent performers, depends on giving them back, as they are acted, the indelicacies which offend the lady-like Mr. Winter. For man does not live by pie alone. Coarser fodder appeals to the hearty, who will buy seats at the boards where it is dispensed. It is good business to let the uncritical pay the shot, and justifiable when thereby culture is advanced, as it is bound to be when Shakspere draws full houses. Managers have found it almost impossible to pander exclusively

to the moral element and make a financial success of it. Men pay reluctantly for being done good, but come across with the coin cheerfully enough to feed their grudge against the proprieties that make them tired. Shakspere probably knew this by instinct; if not, he had experience to instruct him, and so the indelicacies were put where we find them. They made the groundlings laugh, and the grief of the judicious, loudly and widely proclaimed, served the purpose of an advertisement. Thus he was able to meet all expenses and provide the cost of publication. In any other form the plays would have failed, and we should not have them at all. The manager that puts these works on the stage as written, and instructs his player to accord due prominence to their realistic features, will have no trouble in disposing of seats. Results of the greatest benefit to literature and the art of expression must follow the popularizing of Shakspere's works and their substitution in public consciousness for the familiar messages and correspondence of President Roosevelt. We should talk and write much better, were we able to clothe our thoughts in the great language which the Bard of Avon employed.

The foregoing argument is immoral, but necessary and new. It is time, moreover, for somebody to observe that immorality is one of the minor evils, compared with certain human failings that are excused. It has its penalties, and so has heresy, but they are not legitimate consequences, and do not follow as a natural result in most cases. They are imposed. When a couple pass over from a room in a Raines Law hotel,

it is solemnly remarked that "the wages of sin is death," but it will be noticed that it was not their sin that killed them, and some may remember that the man who originally established the scale for his fellow sinners was not privileged, according to tradition, even to die in a bed. Things worse than immorality are licensed, for example, rum. Intoxication is more injurious to man than is the opposite sex, and incapacitates greater numbers for productive labor and creative thought. The French philosopher, M. Guyau, puts it in this way: "Sobriety is even more important to the masses than continence; its absence borders more nearly on bestiality; moreover, the laboring man especially possesses less opportunity to run to excess of incontinence than of drink, for the simple reason that women cost more than drink." The Frenchman states a truth, but gives an indifferent explanation of it. He writes as though all things not conventional were *meretricious*, which they of course are not, as any one will find who looks up the word in the dictionary. But, taking only that view, while it is true enough that a man with a lonesome dollar can get more ruin by spending it over the bar than by purchasing female society, it is true also that the proportion holds good, or bad, if he has a million and spends that in the same way. And, besides being less demoralizing, the brain storm which woman induces in man is "curable by experience," as J. L. Walker, a former contributor to Liberty, happily expressed the fact; whereas one given to insobriety gets worse and worse the longer he hits it up. Needless to remark, we all know that virtue as now constituted would not be affected one

way or the other by a revival of Shakspere in his purity, and that dispensing with fig-leaves would cause no more and no less irregularity than exists to-day. But that is what people mean when they talk about immorality; we see what they have in mind, and must shoot at their folly where it lights, or miss the mark. There will have to be a readjustment of the damages assessed against what goes under the name of immorality. They are excessive. This unbidden thought does not further clarify itself.

The governor of Kansas wrote his name higher than he aimed when he vetoed the Flag bill that makes school trustees hoist the national colors over the schoolhouse and orders the children to do reverence thereto every day. The governor objected that he did not believe in statutory patriotism, and his skepticism is justified. The legislators should know that, if the law is observed and reverence done the flag now where it was not done before, the thing bowed to is not the national standard, but the local statute. The children are not bowing to the emblem of liberty, but to Kansas law, and what they should have in the schools, instead of the flag, is the statute book of the State of Kansas. Moreover, since the kowtowing lacks the element of spontaneity, it could just as well be performed by wooden images as by the pupils. A few figures hinged at the middle and moved to obeisance by strings or levers would answer the purpose, and, these being attached to a windmill, there would be no risk of the observance falling into neglect through the forgetfulness of the teacher. With all the schools in the

state so supplied, the Kansas legislator, wherever he might be, when he felt the breeze oscillating his whiskers would know that, if the gearing held, the laws he had passed while at Topeka were being respected.

This flag mania has its phobia, marked by the opposite manifestation of unreason. Into a big gathering of labor union delegates in San Francisco, not long ago, an American flag was brought and deposited in a conspicuous place by a German singing society. The meeting had been called to signify labor's disapprobation of the "kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone by the Idaho authorities," and, the flag getting mixed, in the minds of the remonstrants, with the alleged unjustifiable act of the authorities, it was hissed, and there arose a vociferous demand that it be taken out of there. That was an exhibition of the phobia,—signophobia, probably,—and showed the patriot soured. But why should anybody get excited over a piece of cloth, which can only float and flap, and desire its removal from his presence? I hold he is not a reflective person who thus gives way to sentiment. The man with a grouch against government who takes it out of the flag belongs with that municipal council of Marseilles which investigated a school to ascertain the cause of an outbreak of diphtheria among the scholars, and, finding the walls adorned with religious mottoes, relics of the clerical *régime*, believed that they had removed the cause of the epidemic by taking these down and solemnly bearing them forth. Counter-superstitions are to all intents and purposes superstitions still, whether they appertain to religious mottoes or to flags.

Is there anything worth working for in that reform which is called the "election of senators by direct vote of the people"? The argument used a while ago by Mr. Hearst's Brisbane would almost persuade us that there is. Dealing with United States senators in their capacity as attorneys for the trusts and corporations, Mr. Brisbane, who is counsel for the people and always on the job, reasons that these senators would never work in the interest of the voters until the voters and not the legislatures had the choosing of them. The direct vote, the article said with conviction, would put the people's real representatives in office, and give the criminals the jail or the private life. It was not explained how the direct vote would operate to send any better men to Washington than to State capitals, and in less than a week the same column that had been used to expose United States senators as felons was filled with job type describing the senators at Albany as a low class of criminals; and no one can help remembering that these outcasts were elected by a direct vote. We may think the State at large would select a higher grade of candidates than the election districts do, but before we chase that delusion very far we bump against the mortifying fact that the State did not pick out Mr. Hearst when it had a chance to make him governor. On the contrary, the populace served him just as we are taught to suppose it will serve its enemies by means of the direct vote. It is not in the nature of politics that the best men should be elected.

The best men do not want to govern their fellow-men, and, anyhow, there are not enough of them to fill the offices.

Representative government is in less danger from electing senators in the wrong way than from the supineness which allows the choice of the people or of the legislature of a State to be kept out of his seat or perverted from discharging his duties. We have seen several examples of this deplorable willingness of the populace to surrender its prerogative. Representative government was overthrown when Roberts, of Utah, was sent home by the house of representatives after a direct vote had elected him. The Smoot investigation threatened the right of a sovereign State to name its senator; and the proposal to impeach Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, the first-fruits of trade unionism triumphant in politics, makes a mockery of the popular will. All this is so because the electors who sent Roberts to the house, Smoot to the senate, and Schmitz to the mayor's office, knew their men and voted intelligently. They were not under any prepossessions regarding their candidates. As to Roberts, Warren Foster, the opposition candidate, published a weekly paper, and put it up to the voters of the district all through the campaign to say whether or not they preferred to be represented in the nation's capital by a man with four or five wives. It seems they did, and expressed their preference at the polls. Roberts was elected on his merits, and so was Smoot. About the character of Schmitz no one in San Francisco could have been misinformed. The "Star," edited by James

Barry and officially designated as a newspaper of general circulation, volunteered all the information about him that the grand jury has brought out, so that the electorate was put wise by publication. On the representations of Barry that Schmitz hadn't an honest hair in his pompadour, the people elected him once and again. In each and all of these cases the candidate was the person desired by the people to represent them in office, and the legislatures and courts responsible for curtailing the activities of Roberts, Smoot, and Schmitz will have to answer to the friends of genuine representative government. Who are the impudent persons, anyway, who assume to sit in review of the popular verdict?

Sam Weller had uttered his conviction that there were as many widows as spinsters who got married, and the elder Weller declared there were more. Mr. Roosevelt, who is a thinker of the elder Weller school, protests that "the performance of duty stands ahead of the insistence upon one's rights." I conceive duties (toward others) to be what others have the right to exact. If, then, as Mr. Roosevelt says, our duty to others is greater than our right, the said duty being their right, it follows that their right is greater than ours. And then, from their point of view, we ourselves become others, when, according to Mr. Roosevelt, their duty toward us stands ahead of their own right; and this duty of theirs, being now the same as our right, enlarges our right so that it stands ahead of our duty, which duty, as premised, is equivalent to their right, and so on. If Mr. Roosevelt can demonstrate that

duty is ahead of right, he can prove that every man in the world owes more than is coming to him. This is pure altruism, enticing as a theory, but unlikely to work out when you come to collect.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Health without Drugs."]

Early in the summer of 1906 the editor of "Reynolds's Newspaper," which is styled: "The Organ of Democracy, Labor, and Progress," announced the offering of a prize of £12 for the best exposition and solution of the unemployed question, to be derived from the pages of "Man *versus* the State," a pamphlet written by the eminent philosopher, Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Not till the awarding of the prize was the name of the judge revealed to the competitors. Mr. Frederick Millar, editor of "The Liberty Review," organ of the Liberty and Property Defence League, and the special pleader for the claims of those who live by the exploitation of the labor of others, turned out to be the selected Solon.

The spectacle of a labor editor bowing to the decision of a capitalistic editor, upon the one special subject on which both parties must necessarily be in essential disagreement, is comic, if not consistent. The judge deemed it advisable to divide the prize among four competitors, on account of the equal excellence of their efforts. At last two of the prize-winners were well-known writers and advocates of the cause for which "The Liberty Review" exists, the cause of the parasite against the producer.

Although it was stated in "Reynolds's Newspaper" that the four winning essays would be published when space permitted, only one has, as yet, appeared. The writer thereof took the ground that, in general, the unemployed are unemployed by reason of their laziness and inefficiency, and advocated, as a solution, that the treatment of paupers should be rendered less luxurious, in order that labor would be preferable to "loafing" by these pampered proletarians. The essayist actually assumes that the real cause of unemployment is the idleness, drunkenness, and incapability of the class concerned, and the encouragement of these characteristics by the State. That such statements should

be rewarded with a monetary prize by a journal like "Reynolds's" is incomprehensible to any serious student of sociology.

It would be interesting to know what the editor of "Reynolds's Newspaper" thought of the proposition, put in the essay referred to, that "the millionaire's capital is the 'accumulated labor' or efficiency of himself or his ancestors."

The following is one of 138 unsuccessful papers sent in for competition; the author being undaunted in the belief that, though his efforts may not have merited the prize, he, nevertheless, has succeeded in furnishing a theoretical solution of the unemployed question, which we here presents for criticism.

To those who may be sufficiently interested to wish for a fuller and further exposition of the economic views herein set forth, attention is called to the journal Liberty, published bi-monthly by Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 1312, New York City, U. S. A., at ten cents a copy, or twelve issues for one dollar prepaid.

In Liberty and its kindred publications will be found the only consistent and logical solution of our economic problems, as well as the only possible alternative to the various forms of the exploitation of man by man, including the system of State Socialism, which is now threateningly disfiguring the social horizon.—*Editor of "Health without Drugs."*]

In seeking a solution of the unemployed problem upon the basis of the principles laid down by Herbert Spencer in "Man *versus* the State," it is necessary, in order to arrive at correct conclusions, to give a short statement of the political and economic views contained therein.

Spencer's position is that social progress is characterized by a continuous advance away from governmental authority and towards individual liberty through a limitation of the hitherto unquestioned functions of the ruling power and a consequent enlargement of the sphere of voluntary co-operation. The divine right of kings having been found untenable, the divine right of parliaments has been assumed by some political theorists on the principle: "*Vox populi vox Dei*," but here, too, Spencer points out, with a wealth of example and illustration, the fallibility of such a claim. In practice the voice of the people is simply the voice of the majority, for the minority is al-

L.398

factor in practical politics. Even the
governmental authority of the majority
social contract is subjected to a searching
mix with important qualifications. Prac
Spencer, must wish for security of per
this particular the necessity for govern
questionable. But, if it was proposed to
the feeding of forms of religion, system
ts of production, and the many other func
tions of everyday life to the rule of the majority, no such unanimity could be expected. Therefore Spencer's political position is that the 'authority of government' should be limited to the business of the protection of person and property against aggressors within and without the community, and the enforcement of contracts made by the people with each other.

In the sphere of economics, Spencer's position is parallel with his political philosophy. Freedom from governmental interference and restraint is to him the *sine qua non* of industrial and commercial progress. Many quotations and examples culled from economic history, showing the evil effects resulting from interference with the natural law of supply and demand, are given in "Man *versus* the State." The testimony is incontestable. So it is certain that, in attempting to furnish a solution of the unemployed problem according to the Spencerian philosophy, we must steer clear of all the propositions for State control in production, distribution, and exchange. If we believe that the Spencerian philosophy is sound, we are bound to look for the cause of the unemployed problem, not among those things that government ought to have done and has not done, but rather among those things that government has done and ought not to have done.

The question of the unemployed is coincident with the advance of machine industry and the consequent acceleration of wealth production. In proportion as the power of labor over nature has increased, the individual laborer has become a slave. The

multiplication of wealth by his labor has built up a barrier between himself and the objects of his well being. In reason, the more wealth he produces, the more he should possess. In fact, the more wealth he produces, the more frequent are his periods of involuntary idleness and consequent poverty. Here is a contradiction. The orthodox political economist declares that the cause of our economic evils is "over production"; that is to say, the laborers have produced so much food that they have not sufficient to eat; they have produced so much clothing that they have not sufficient to wear; and they have built so many houses that, like Jesus Christ, thousands of them have nowhere to lay their heads. Now, it is an axiom of orthodox political economy that "industry is limited by capital," which means, as far as it means anything at all, that the opportunities for employment depend upon the supply of the tools and instruments of production. But, since capital—that is, the tools and instruments of production—is first of all produced by labor, that statement is tantamount to saying that industry is limited by industry—which is nonsense, and yet a fair sample of much of the reasoning contained in the works of standard authorities on political economy.

Nevertheless, if we speak of capital in the restricted sense as meaning money, and say that industry is limited by money, we shall be face to face with a self-evident truth, the significance of which is more than most people suspect. Let us consider it. Since money was first introduced for the facilitation of the exchange of the products of industry, it would seem that, instead of industry being limited by money, the supply of money should at all times be co-expansive with the products of industry. Any monetary system supposed to exist for the facilitation of exchange (and this is the principal function of money) should provide the possibility of an equilibrium between the medium of exchange (purchasing power) and the things to be exchanged (productive power). Nowhere in civilized society does this necessary condition to the freedom of commerce exist. Upon the statute books of every nation are laws which restrict the

sis of exchange media to one or two commodities, such as gold and silver. The supply of these commodities is insufficient for the exchange of all other commodities. Productive power, through the enormous development of labor saving appliances, has so increased that, since 1844, when the British government, through Sir Robert Peel, gave to the Bank of England practically the monopoly of issuing notes as currency, the business of the nation has increased more than 600 per cent., while the exchange facilities have been legally limited to the extent considered necessary prior to that period. Here is a glaring instance of what Spencer calls the evil of governmental interference with the law of supply and demand. To restrict the basis of the currency to one or two scarce commodities is to invest those commodities with an artificial value over all others. Producers must have money to exchange their products, and, where banks are favored with a monopoly, such as is the Bank of England, it is to be supposed that the principals will take advantage of their monopoly in the usual way. The purpose of every monopoly is to extract a reward for services rendered out of all proportion to what would be paid under competitive conditions; and the banking or money monopoly is the worst of all monopolies, because it places an unnatural limit to the exchange facilities of the entire people in order to enrich a class of financial parasites. Where exchange is limited within the possibilities of production, industry naturally declines. Where money is scarce, trade is bad; and, where trade is bad, the demand for labor will be less than the supply. Hence the existence of an unemployed class. Therefore the only scientific solution of the unemployed question is to increase the demand for labor; the only way to increase the demand for labor is, by abolishing all laws that prevent freedom of exchange. Free trade is a misnomer in the absence of free exchange. Under existing conditions it simply means that the people are free to produce, but not to exchange. The instrument by which commerce is conducted, in order that exchange may ascend above the level of mere barter—in a word, money

is controlled by a monopoly. Therefore the issue of money is not free to expand to the requirements of trade, which are ever increasing, but is fixed by law, and the privilege of issuing money is given to a class of usurers. Thus the purchasing power of the people is limited by the State, while their productive power, through the lack of exchange facilities, swamps the market with surplus products. This gives an appearance of over-production, bringing in its train starvation and the unemployed question, which has been erroneously attributed to the contemporaneous introduction of labor-saving machinery. It is true that, by the use of machinery, labor has vastly increased its products, but, if the issue of money had been free, its supply could have been increased equally with the supply of products. Then there would have been no "over-production," for every fresh production of values could have been met with a corresponding issue of money. By this means there would be no "surplus value," no unpaid labor in the hands of the capitalists; capital would have become servant to, instead of master of, labor, and the unemployed problem would have never been heard of. All these results would have followed as naturally as night follows day, from a consistent and thorough application of the principles of free trade.

So, in thorough Spencerian fashion, our first step should be to abolish those restrictions to the issue of money contained in the various banking and coinage acts. Freedom in the issue of money is the pre-requisite to an equilibrium between purchasing power and productive power. The equilibrium of these two powers is the solution of the labor question in its entirety.

Of urgent importance, though secondary to the money monopoly, is the land monopoly, by which, through the protection of the State, certain individuals are allowed exclusive property in land, thereby forcing their fellow-men to pay for the use of that which is a free gift of nature. Although Spencer's views upon the land question have been widely discussed, and probably are the most vulnerable parts of his philosophy, we shall find a guide

out of the difficulty by applying his considerations upon the idea of natural rights to the subject. In "Man *versus* the State" he says (p. 96): "If we say that life on the whole brings more pleasure than pain, or that it is on the way to become such that it will yield more pleasure than pain, then these actions by which life is maintained are justified, and there results a warrant for the freedom to perform them. Those who hold that life is valuable hold, by implication, that men ought not to be prevented from carrying on life-sustaining activities. In other words, if it is said to be 'right' that they should carry them on, then, by permutation, we get the assertion that they have a right to carry them on."

Society negatively recognizes this, when it denies the right of the individual to commit suicide!

As land is necessary to all life-sustaining activities, it follows that to give to any individual exclusive property in any more land than he can use is to deny "natural rights" to those who may be thereby excluded. So that, on the Spencerian conceptions of natural rights, and the proper function of government, the solution of the land question is to be effected through the protection of every individual or association of individuals in the possession of as much land as may be required to carry on those life-sustaining activities to which all men, as Spencer puts it, have a natural right.

That portion of the product of labor called "surplus-value" by the Socialists, after Marx, does not arise, as Marx supposed, through the possession of capital (meaning tools of production) by the capitalists, because statistics show that "surplus-value" is chiefly composed of interest and rent. Interest is nearly always paid for the use of money (not other capital), because the issue of money is monopolized by the banking fraternity under the protection of the State; just as rent is paid for the use of land, because the land is also monopolized by the landlords under State protection.

So, in accordance with the Spencerian philosophy, the abolition of these two monopolies gives the desired solution.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS.

London Patriotic Club, 37 Corporation Row, London, E. C.

A NURSE NEEDED FOR A YELLOW KID

I reprint the following from a baby magazine still in diapers at times, as an illustration of baby manners in Altruria. Altrurian infants, it appears, are very much like others. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

An "Altruria" subscriber dropped in the office one day and noticed the "Public" (of Chicago) on my desk. "Do you read that trash?" he asked. "Yes, regularly. But why trash?" "Oh, it is a wishy-washy journal. It is not radical enough, not advanced enough." And this started an argument as to the relative value of the extreme *versus* the moderate radical journals. We may be mistaken, but our impression is that our antagonist was completely knocked out. Our argument was that the extreme journals did very little, if any, good. To take, for instance, the extreme journal in religion—the "Truth Seeker." What good does it do? It will certainly not convert anybody to rationalism; on the contrary, a true believer on perusing a copy of that journal would become so disgusted with it that he would become strengthened in his faith, and his opinion would go down a few degrees lower. It is only read by confirmed infidels—and they are not in need of conversion. So what good does the journal do? That we are right in our statement that the journal has no influence whatsoever in making converts can be proven by the fact that the number of its subscribers is getting smaller and smaller from year to year (the old subscribers dying out or getting tired of the same old chestnuts).

The same is true of many other radical journals. In a dirty and dusty room there sits a megalocephalic reformer, Benj. R. Tucker by name, who is absolutely sure that he has cornered the whole truth and the whole wisdom of the world and that everybody else is false or insane. Every few months he gives the world a dull and meaningless little sheet called Liberty. The sheet, we are told, is now read almost exclusively by the editor and his typewriter—and still the great Anarchistic publisher thinks he is doing something for the world. Dunces of the Tucker kind do not seem to understand that the primary object

L.398

[illegible] be read. That no matter how excellent a jour[illegible], if it is not read, it is worthless. Why print it [illegible] Why keep the manuscript in your drawer? Yes, it [illegible] or reform journals seem to be printed just for [illegible] reading, instead of attracting, readers. They [illegible] dull, they are extreme, they are rancorous, they [illegible] they are sometimes disgusting.

The [illegible], or perhaps better said sanely radical, jour[illegible] we might mention the "Public," the "Phil[illegible]," "Altruria," do an immense amount of good. Not being [illegible], not being couched in offensive language, they find readers even among the conservatives, who are thus taught to think, are gradually influenced by the sane teachings of the evolutionary radicals, and thus furnish new converts to the cause of progress and reform.

By all means let us have more moderate, more sanely radical publications. The extreme, intolerant journals, the journal that is engaged principally in scoffing, ridiculing, and cursing, the journal that sees nothing good in anything or anybody except in its own particular little movement or belief, is an anachronism, and must go. It is bound to go, and it *is* going. It has been a hindrance to the cause of progress, and the sooner it is gone the better. Amen.

ANTHONY AND THE CLEOPATRAS

To the Editor of Liberty:

Wasn't Mr. Wood a trifle too cruel to Anthony Comstock in the April number of Liberty!

Of course, we have all heard of the egregious St. Anthony and of his triumph over sin in its most alluring forms; for triumph he did, the falls of St. Anthony being a gross topographical calumny. Now, there is this to be said for Anthony Comstock: he has been exposed to the same kind of temptation, only oftener and without the strengthening hope of canonization. Him naughty art clubs have tempted with Cleopatras—witches beyond the dreams of anchorites! The Cleopatras burned; but Anthony's temperature remained normal.

He has discovered Comstock loads of wicked classics assaying twenty-five per cent. of base metal to the tome, and he has analyzed them personally, and, despite his own theories, he remains as chaste as a

FIG LEAF.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

In the April number of Liberty there appeared a paragraph concerning the Jews, written and signed by George E. Macdonald. It set forth the faults and virtues of the race, pointed out its superiority to other races in some important points, hinted that its unpopularity was due not to its blood or its religion but to its ability to accumulate money, and characterized all proposals to exclude the Jews as persecution. As a result of this paragraph the East Side of New York city is up in arms, and the Hebrew sheets are heaping columns of vituperation and calumny on the unfortunate head of the editor of Liberty, who, though he wishes he had written the paragraph, desires that the credit be placed where it belongs. In the course of the tempest Liberty has lost one Jewish subscriber, and its sale on the East Side has doubled. The editor of "Altruria," who is a Jew, and that is the best thing that can be said about him; and who holds that the purpose of a periodical is to be read; though his is yellow, may or may not be pleased to know that the purpose of Liberty is being swiftly realized according to the standard set by "Altruria" and attained by the "Ladies' Home Journal." I give below the letter of the indignant subscriber and some extracts from the Hebrew press. For the translations I am indebted to a Jewish friend of mine who sends them to me "blushing for his race."

First, the letter:

Dear Sir:

I hereby request you to cancel my name from your list of subscribers to Liberty. From a man of your type and ideas I looked for nobler and broader expressions of justice and truth than those expressed in your last issue of Liberty, which, except in form, are no better than the senseless, idiotic, prejudiced howlings of the ignorant Russian mob. The Jew whom you denounce as a parasite is no worse than his Christian neighbor; I ask for him no greater recognition. He is a part of your system, and, as such, has to exhale the same foul air which your world forces him to inhale. Would you justify me in denouncing you as a

L.398

parasite because of your Harrimans, Rockefellers, Morgans, Goulds, etc., etc., all of your "blonde" type? No. Why? Because you are in the majority, you Occidentals, and can, therefore, with impunity slander and insult the minority. This very same spirit prevailed in the Orient three thousand years ago against foreigners to their habits and customs. How much further have you progressed, Mr. Tucker? A fine type of individualist you are, a fine exponent of the "new justice," the justice of the mob, of angry passion, of irrational pride and envy.

The Jew has always worked in all radical and reform movements for justice and right, shoulder to shoulder, with you of the "light-complexioned." What right have you to question the integrity of the Jewish idealist, to accuse him of trying to turn to selfish profit the highest aspirations of the human race? Will you dare to maintain that only you and yours are the honest exponents of justice and right? If you do, I refer you to your own article in Liberty. It is overflowing with a deep-rooted, senseless, unjust prejudice and hate, and hurls the lie into your face.

MAX J. MYDANS.

Boston, April 17, 1907.

Next, a communication to the "*Wahrheit*," Jewish Socialist daily:

ANARCHISTIC ANTISEMITISM

Dear Editor:

For many years it has been dinned in our ears that the Jewish question is a delusion,—that it does not exist at all. That in our times, times of modern radicalism, there is no place for a national question, etc., etc.—Old, familiar songs.

The ridiculousness of such a claim is most emphatically emphasized by the very persons who disclaim it most.

Before me lies a periodical called "The Pioneer Organ of Anarchism," "Liberty, "Not the Daughter but the Mother of Order," a long name in very black type, blacker even than the ink in which it is printed. The editor is the much-advertised, well-known individualist Anarchist, Benjamin R. Tucker, beloved and honored among radicals.

Now, listen to what is said there:

"It is true that, entomologically classified, the Jew is a parasite, for he subsists on other organisms. He does not, like some Orientals, make his stake here, and go back to his country to enjoy it, for he has no country. He evinces a preference for improved real estate; there is in him none of that lust for battle with nature which impels frontiersmen to assault the virgin land or forest. It is true he would rather acquire the money that others have received for manual labor performed than earn it himself by muscular exercise. He would rather sell clothes to mankind than compete in raising cotton and wool."

L.398

This is only a small number of the numerous faults which comrade Tucker finds with the Jews. Are these faults, from the pen of an Anarchist, any better than the argument of a Kishineva? Could the claims of an outspoken Antisemite be worse?

But the writer has still more ink to pour out on the Jews. He says again: "That distinctive nose of his should be educated to smell trouble before it gets too near where he has invited it to come." And he advises that the Jew "should learn to get cold feet, and cash in, and draw out of the game" where he played foul.

My beloved friend of the Jews, disseminator of brotherly-love, comrade Tucker, I as a son of the race, which you say "is Asiatic a-plenty," and "writes and 'reads against the sun,' from right to left," wish to thank you for your most generous advice to my people, but it comes rather late for our Russian and Roumanian victims.

I thank you with all the ardor of my burning soul for your claim that they (the Jews) are not like ourselves, surely not.

The Jews cannot assimilate with others. They must fight their own battles alone, and get back that which has been taken from them by violence. In your article you parade the name of Hay, because he, as you say, "protested to the Roumanian government against the oppression of its Jewish subjects," only that they may not emigrate to the United States. What do you intend to show by that,—that Hay was also against the Jews?

Reading the arguments of Tucker, one would believe that he refers exclusively to "capitalists," but God forbid! the word capitalist does not occur in a single instance during the whole article. He means by that, not the race that can "see a dollar where others would overlook it," but just the reverse. He says:

"I will now disclose the aim of the foregoing demonstration and commentary on the dominant characteristic of the Jew, *i. e.*, his gift for business; for I notice often that, unless I explain my purpose, the reader does not know what I am driving at. In this case it is not to invite controversy, since I have raised no debatable point, but to make an inquiry. I want to know whether any of the seed of Abraham are professed Socialists, and, if so, what 'graft' they are looking forward to. I am

anxious, you see, for the future of a venerable and commercially enterprising race under a system that promises to abolish commercialism."

It is not necessary to waste time to demonstrate Tucker's Jew-baiting ideas. His whole magazine is permeated with Anti-semitism. He applauded Upton Sinclair's action in expelling a Jew, and he gives his opinion that Berkmans are capable only of sticking knives into millionaires. Yes, Mr. Tucker should reach out across the Atlantic ocean and warmly clasp hands with Dr. Singer, of Vienna, saying: We are both active in the Jewish question,—you in Vienna, I in New York; you openly, I under the mask of Anarchism. JACOB KIRSCHENBAUM.

Next, an article from the "Jewish Daily News," a sheet of the conservative type. The heading, in several lines of large black type, reads: "An Anarchist Rabbi Preaches Antisemitism. Lies and Lashings in the Name of Liberty."

It is characteristic of the intellectual Jews that they kneel and bow in deepest veneration before every "comrade" who speaks English and calls himself an American. The Jewish "comrades" will walk for miles in snow, rain, or sleet to hear that sort of an American speak. And as a God they will worship and deify him with the following expressions: "He is an American!" "He is a Christian!" "He is a real Yankee!"

This slavish state of mind still exists in certain Jews who have not yet freed themselves from this spiritual slavery. Their enthusiasm when they hear a Christian speak or think as they themselves do is that of cattle. This slavish instinct reigns over a great mass of Jewish Anarchists who pride themselves on being free of all kinds of superstitions and prejudices.

The Jewish Anarchists will no doubt be surprised when we tell them to-day that one of the greatest leaders and foremost representatives of the American Anarchist movement, a real American, and a real Yankee, who advocates Anarchism for years and years, is a bitter Antisemite; a sworn enemy of all Jews, who preaches openly and writes plainly that the Jews ought not to be admitted to this country, and hints plainly to have them expelled from the "movement."

That man is Benjamin R. Tucker, whom all Anarchists in America recognize to be the greatest authority, and whose every word is holy, almost divine law. Although they claim that Anarchists don't believe in authority and that nothing is holy to

them, they still have their little "churches," with their idols whom they worship. And Benj. R. Tucker is one of the saints, but, since John Most went to pay a visit to Czolgosz, Tucker remains the only saint among the Anarchists of America.

This Tucker publishes a small periodical called Liberty, which is subject to spasms, *viz.*, it does not appear very regularly. The last issue is full of Antisemitic poison, with slanders against the Jews, such slanders as no Antisemite in America has ever dared to write.

We will give here a brief extract from his article.

Speaking about the "Yellow Peril," which means the Chinese and Japanese who come in great masses and overflow our shores, the writer has this to say:

[Here the Jewish editor quotes Mr. Macdonald's paragraph from the opening line to the words "race or religious prejudices," italicizing the sentence: "He is not one of us, and there is a deep feeling that he is an intruder."]

The Antisemite, like Balaam, later unwillingly speaks of their good qualities, of their morality, sobriety, their intellectual abilities; but he at once regrets what he has said, and continues: "The true cause of animosity does not lie in them. They must be found elsewhere. I locate it altogether in the circumstance that he lays over us in commercial instincts and can find a dollar where we would overlook the coin."

In conclusion, this Antisemite explains the object of his article in the following words:

[Here is given the conclusion of the paragraph, from the words "I will now disclose" and italicizing the sentence regarding "the seed of Abraham."]

This means that Benjamin Tucker, the rabbi of the Anarchists, does not believe that the Jewish Anarchists and Socialists can be sincere, but that they are in the movement only for the sake of business. What will the Jewish Anarchists say to this Yankee, whom they regard as a saint and whose writings and books they spread?

In darkest Russia we see that the leaders of the Antisemite movement are only the reactionists. The black night of a despotic *régime* and all those who wish to enslave the people and suck their blood. But here in America, as in Germany, it is the intellectual, the educated, those who preach absolute equality and liberty, who also preach hatred to the Jews, hence hatred to their own comrades.

In conclusion, I invite the reader to revert to the April

Liberty, and read carefully Mr. Macdonald's paragraphs on the Jews and on Hellcom Hall, and my own paragraph on Berkman. Such stuff as the foregoing needs no answer. But, in justice to the Jews, it should be added that the most intelligent among them indorse Mr. Macdonald's position, and declare that they have often said the same things themselves. And at least one who is not startlingly intelligent, but who is honest enough not to let his hatred of Liberty betray him into accusing it of Antisemitism, rebukes publicly the liars of "*Wahrheit*" (which means Truth) and the "Jewish Daily News." I quote from Janowsky, of the "*Freie Arbeiter Stimme*," Jewish Communist organ:

The trouble is that the Jews like themselves too much; even small criticisms affect them, and at once the foolish cry of Antisemitism is raised. If the Jews are told they are good business men, have distinctive noses to smell a dollar where others overlook it, of course the person telling them so cannot be anything but an Antisemite. If you tell them that they would rather sell clothes than make them, and prefer *bourgeois* life to manual labor, they shout Antisemite.

But, for heaven's sake, is it not true? Is it not a compliment to the Jews when they are told how much wiser, abler, and more successful they are than the Gentiles, who desire the same life?

The faults or qualities which the writer in Tucker's Liberty puts up to Jews have been ascribed by the world to Americans in general.

There is hardly a European traveller, having written his impresssions of Americans, who does not say the same thing of them. Still we do not hear the cry of "American-haters" raised against these writers, nor do the Americans get angry. On the contrary, the Americans read all these criticisms, reprint them under the title "How the Europeans See Us," make some comment humorous or otherwise, and pass on to their affairs.

But no nation, no men, are so afraid of criticism, or so hate it, as the Jews. *The Jew you must always praise.* Never find a fault. If you do—Antisemite! How ridiculous! How foolish!

We have read the article in Tucker's Liberty very carefully, and, if it contained any Antisemitism, we would not be afraid to say so. We know that with some Anarchists there remain some prejudices, but for these Anarchism should not be made responsible. But we say positively that we do not see anything of an Antisemitic character in the article, and, if we had more space, we would reprint it, so that the reader could convince himself that it is not Antisemitic.

THE DISCONTENTED ALTRUIST

(*Le Figaro*)

Two friends lunch together at a restaurant. The waiter serves them half a chicken, which he has carved. On one side lies the wing, appetizing and golden; on the other the leg, less tempting. The two friends are very polite.

"Help yourself."

"I beg of you."

"After you."

"Nothing of the kind."

At last one of them decides, and, without further ceremony, he takes the wing. The other is forced to content himself with the leg, but it is plain from his manner that he is greatly vexed. The good humor of a few moments before has vanished, and he eats with his nose in his plate. So that his friend finally asks:

"What is the matter with you?"

"With me? Nothing."

"Why, yes, there is something the matter with you. I'll bet it's because of the wing!"

"Well, yes, it is because of the wing. I consider that you have not shown delicacy."

"Indeed!"

"Why, yes; when one helps himself first, one does not take the best piece."

"Oh! come now, what reason was there to stand on ceremony? You would have done the same."

"Oh! no. If I had helped myself first, I would have done differently."

"And what would you have done?"

"I would have taken the leg."

"Well, you have the leg; what are you kicking about?"

L·398

THE SOCIALIST'S MISTAKE.

The Socialist is he who says the Capitalist rules
Because he owns the means of life,—machinery and tools,
And with his friend the Landlord works the workers, who are
fools.

And all through Private Property, the Socialist will say,
Three-fourths of Labor's product is taken right away,
With which the master classes live in luxury each day.

For Labor's competition creates wealth by bounds and leaps,
While the Iron Law of Wages a subsistence-level keeps.
Therefore the wily Capitalist the Surplus-value reaps.

"When we gain governmental power," the Socialist remarks,
"We'll take both land and capital from the Surplus-value
sharks."
Such is the Holy Gospel, then, according to St. Marx.

Then every woman, every man, and every grown-up boy
The Socialistic State will force to work in its employ,
And, 'neath State supervision, they the product shall enjoy.

But Socialistic theory turns out not worth a cent:
For, as by Surplus-value they mean Interest and Rent,
We'll quickly show the cause of both is simply Government.

For Interest is paid because the banks are not left free
To furnish folks in business with sufficient currency.
That's all there is to Interest: the State 's the enemy.

And Landlords who collect the Rent would call and call in vain,
If State aid for enforcing it no longer should remain.
So, by abolishing the State, we've everything to gain.

Then take away the Landlord and the Money-lord as well,
And Labor will enabled be in equity to dwell,
If Compulsory Taxation, too, receives its final knell.

"Do you think it is practical?" I hear some critic shout,
"For individuals ever to the gov'ment do without?"
Well, I admit it's true there are a lot of fools about.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS.

L·398

State Socialism

AND

Anarchism

How Far They Agree and Wherein They Differ

BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER

The opening chapter of "Instead of a Book," reprinted separately. The best pamphlet with which to meet the demand for a compact exposition of Anarchism.

Price, 5 cents

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY
BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City

3263 L-398

Here's Luck to Lora

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK

Mr. Gordak comes entirely unannounced, but his verse speaks well for him. He is a natural poet who writes evenly and melodiously of the beauties of nature and the daintier side of love. Nothing in his little book is cheap. His muse has a lofty flight, and his teachings uplift.—*Oregonian*, Portland, Ore.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR

MAILED, POSTPAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City

3264 L-398

The Anarchists

A Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century

BY

JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

Translated from the German by

GEORGE SCHUMM

PRESS COMMENTS

New York Morning Journal.—"The Anarchists' is one of the very few books that have a right to live. For insight into life and manners, for dramatic strength, for incisiveness of phrase, and for cold, pitiless logic, no book of this generation equals it."

St. Louis Republic.—"The book is a prose poem."

Cloth, One Dollar; Paper, Fifty cents

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City

Th
3265

"No
has ever
science,
which ha
walk on
the rubb
gone on
Liberty.

Assail
various
himself
fashion.

MAILED,
BEN

L.398

The Philosophy of Egoism

3265

BY

JAMES L. WALKER

(Tak Kak)

My nose I've used for smelling, and I've blown it;
But how to prove the RIGHT by which I own it?
SCHILLER, *freely translated*

"No more concise exposition of the philosophy of Egoism has ever been given to the world. In this book Duty, Conscience, Moralism, Right, and all the fetiches and superstitions which have infested the human intellect since man ceased to walk on four feet, are annihilated, swept away, relegated to the rubbish heap of the waste of human intelligence that has gone on through the progress of the race from its infancy."—*Liberty.*

Cloth, 75 cents; Paper, 35 cents

Slaves to Duty

BY

JOHN BADCOCK, JR.

Assailing the morality superstition as the foundation of the various schemes for the exploitation of mankind. Max Stirner himself does not expound the doctrine of Egoism in bolder fashion.

Price, 5 cents

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, NEW YORK CITY

3266

L.398

The Attitude of Anarchism

TOWARD

Industrial Combinations

BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER

An address delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on September 14, 1899, before the Conference on Trusts held under the auspices of the Civic Federation.

Chicago Chronicle.—"The speech which roused the most intense degree of enthusiasm and called forth the greatest applause at yesterday's sessions of the trust conference fell in rounded periods and with polished utterance from the lips of a professed Anarchist."

Prof. Edward W. Bemis in the New York Journal.—"Benj. R. Tucker, the famous Anarchist writer, gave the most brilliant literary effort of the conference thus far."

Prof. John R. Commons in the Chicago Tribune.—"The most brilliant piece of pure logic that has yet been heard. It probably cannot be equaled. It was a marvel of audacity and cogency. The prolonged applause which followed was a sufficient tribute to pure intellect. That the undiluted doctrines of Anarchism should so transport a great gathering of all classes here in Chicago would not have been predicted."

Price, 5 cents

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, NEW YORK CITY

3267 L.398

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

By C. 3. 3
[OSCAR WILDE]

A poem of more than 600 lines, dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the Horse Guards who was hanged in Reading Gaol during the poet's confinement there. An English classic.

Cloth, One Dollar; Paper, Ten Cents

The cloth edition has covers of blue and vellum, and is beautifully printed from large type on hand-made antique deckle-edge paper. It is a sumptuous book of 96 pages, and should be in every library.

PRESS COMMENTS

Albany Press.—"Strong writing, almost too strong; it is horrible, gruesome, uncanny, and yet most fascinating and highly ethical. . . . One of the greatest poems of the century, a permanent addition to English literature. . . . It is the best Lenten and Easter sermon of the year."

Brooklyn Citizen.—"Many of the stanzas are cries out of the lowest hell. The poem, indeed, takes rank with the most extraordinary psychological phenomena of this or any time."

Indianapolis Journal.—"The work is one of singular power, holding the reader fascinated to the last line. Nothing approaching it in strength has been produced in recent years."

Philadelphia Conservator.—"People who imagine themselves superior to the prisoners in jails should read this poem. People who love invasive laws should read this poem. People who think existing governmental methods of meeting social invasion civilized should read this poem. People who do not know that laws may make as well as punish crime should read this poem. In fact, everybody should read this poem. For somewhere it touches everybody, accuses everybody, appeals to everybody."

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City

3268 L.398

Instead of a Book

BY A MAN TOO BUSY TO WRITE ONE

A FRAGMENTARY EXPOSITION OF

PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHISM

Culled from the writings of

BENJ. R. TUCKER

EDITOR OF LIBERTY

With a Full-Page Half Tone Portrait of the Author

A large, well-printed, and excessively cheap volume of 524 pages, consisting of articles selected from Liberty and classified under the following headings: (1) State Socialism and Anarchism: How Far They Agree, and Wherein They Differ; (2) The Individual, Society, and the State; (3) Money and Interest; (4) Land and Rent; (5) Socialism; (6) Communism; (7) Methods; (8) Miscellaneous. The whole elaborately indexed.

Cloth, One Dollar; Paper, Fifty cents

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City

MUTUAL BANKING

3269

L.398

BY

WILLIAM B. GREENE

Showing the radical deficiency of the existing circulating medium, and the advantages of a free currency; a plan whereby to abolish interest, not by State intervention, but by first abolishing State intervention itself.

A new edition, *from new plates*, of one of the most important works on finance in the English language, and presenting, for the first time, a portrait of the author.

Price, 10 cents

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City

JOSIAH WARREN

3279

L.398

The First American Anarchist

A Biography, with portrait

BY

WILLIAM BAILIE

The biography is preceded by an essay on "The Anarchist Spirit," in which Mr. Bailie defines Anarchist belief in relation to other social forces.

Price, One Dollar

MAILED, POST-PAID, BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City